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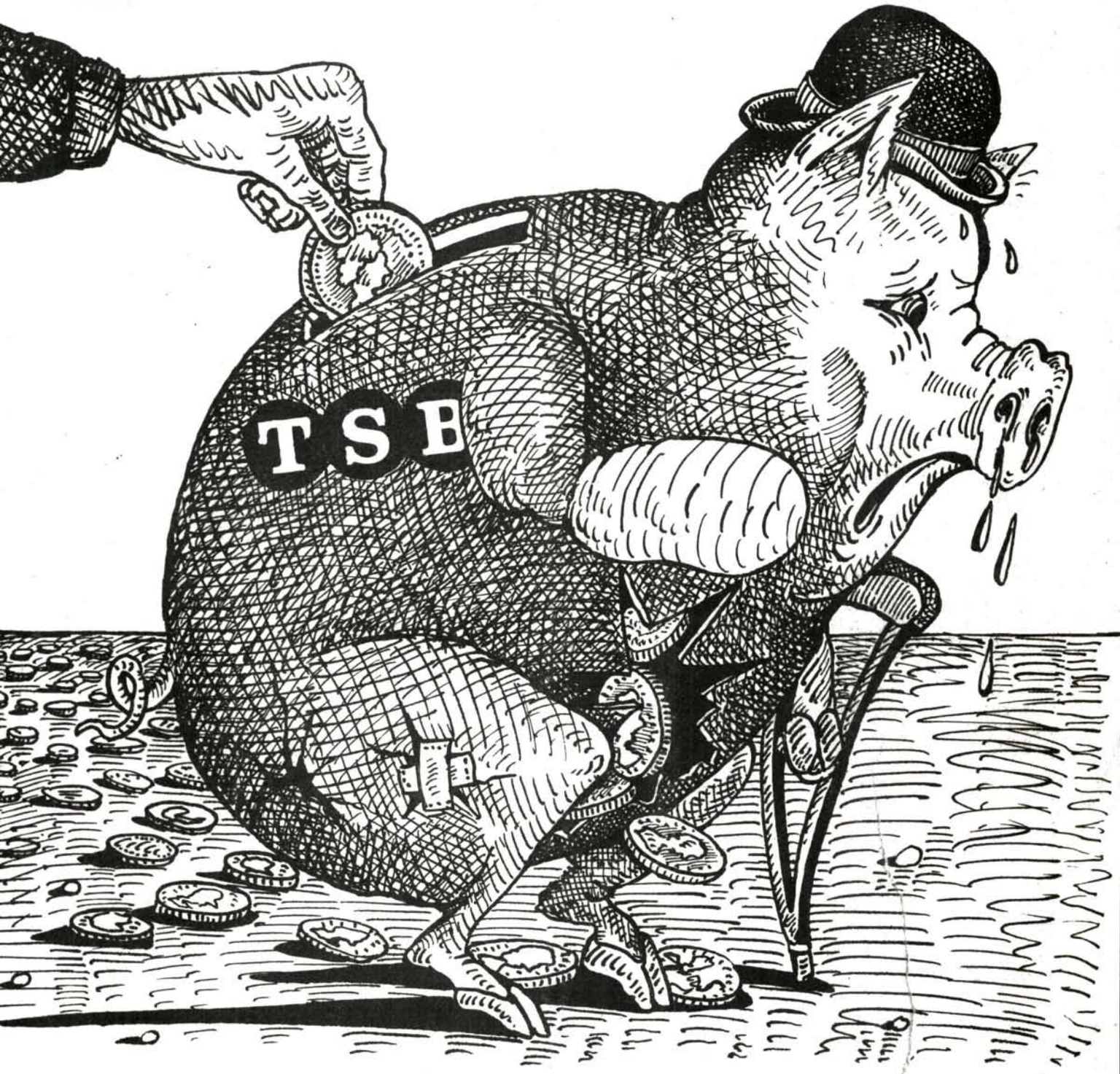
New Statesman



DEATH OF THE WORKERS' BANK

PLUS: Sellafield facts • Barbie trial • Who runs Ronald Reagan? • Books • Arts • Television

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New Statesman

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2809 18 January 1985

Lawson deserves his sterling crisis

WHEN CHANCELLOR Lawson produced his budget last March, the *Daily Mail* eulogised over his brilliance under the headline 'Nigel's give and takeaway'. On Tuesday, as a fumbling government faced a fullblown sterling crisis, the same paper went for him: 'PATHETIC'. The case against Lawson: Too little, too late and too lacklustre'.

It is almost possible to feel some sympathy for Mr Lawson for the way in which his own Tory press has turned on him. For the policies that have led to the present crisis are those that he was putting forward last March, has been putting forward since he became Chancellor after the June 1983 election, and were being put forward when he was a junior minister at the Treasury under Sir Geoffrey Howe.

They are the policies to which the Prime Minister continues to say that there are no alternatives. Some of us have known since the beginining that Thatcherite economics were intellectually bankrupt. Were it not for the lasting havoc that they have wrought on British industry and the damage that they have done to British society, we could derive satisfaction from saying 'we told you so'. It is a bit late for the *Daily Mail* to jump ship.

Sterling has now been devalued against the dollar by 53 per cent in two years — a greater loss in value than all devaluations under Labour governments since the war put together. The measure of the total failure of Tory economic policy since 1979 is that even this is not enough to restore the loss of competitiveness of British industry in relation to our main competitors in the last five years. Against other European currencies substantial further devaluations are required to get British exporters back to where they were in 1979.

Yet the whole justification for putting British industry through the wringer for the last five years was to reverse its relative international decline. The opposite has happened. The decline has been accelerated and in the process whole swathes of perfectly viable manufacturing industry have gone to the wall. For the first time since the Industrial Revolution, the West Midlands has experienced sustained mass unemployment. Much of the Northwest, the Northeast and Scotland have been turned into industrial deserts.

It is true that the strength of the dollar is causing severe problems for the rest of the world and that it is nonsense that the most powerful economy in the world, which should be providing exports of capital to the international economy, is in fact financing a current account and budget deficit by sucking in massive sums from abroad. The right course over the past five years would have been coordinated and balanced expansion of all the major Western economies. But instead the Thatcher government has been loudest in demanding that instead all priority should be given to reducing inflation, country by country, and the first to condemn the Mitterrand government's doomed attempt to try Keynesian expansion in one country. President Reagan's economics may have sounded like Thatcherism, but in practice he let the US economy roar away. The extent of that classic Keynesian boom is now causing problems for the rest of the world, but we should have had problems, though of a different kind, if there had been no

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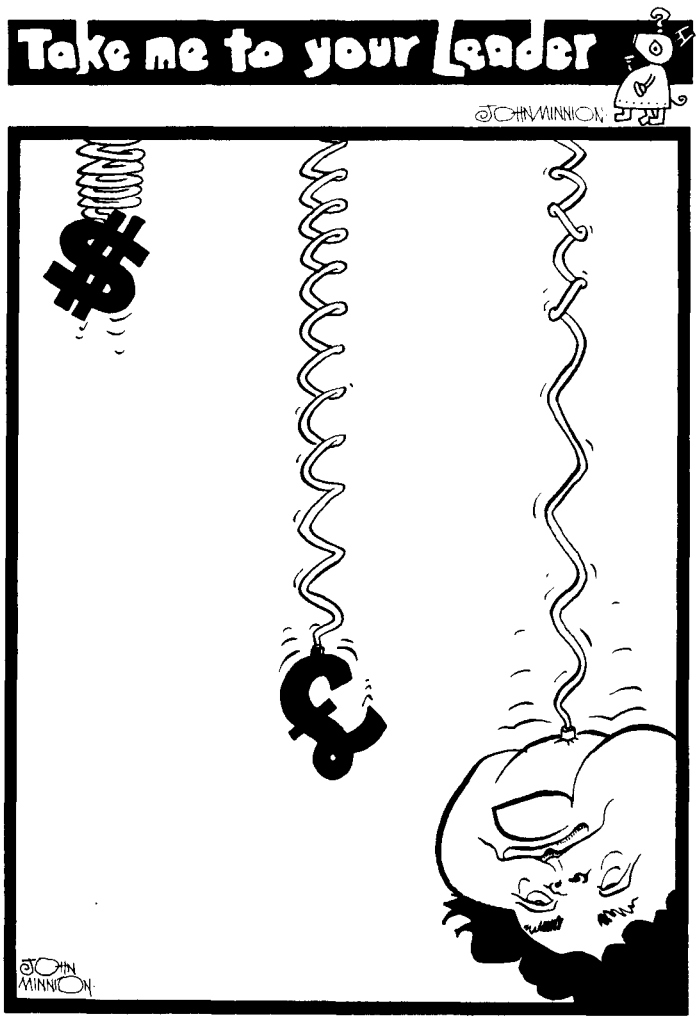
such American growth to feed world demand.

It is also true sterling is now much affected by the world price for oil — under this government we have become in effect an associate member of OPEC. But this is precisely because the rest of British industry has been allowed to run down catastrophically. From next year onwards the trend of North Sea oil revenues will be down. The best is over. The regeneration of British industry and the repair and improvement of British industrial infrastructure that could have been financed by those revenues has simply not taken place — because the government was ideologically determined to leave everything to the market.

There is no connection between inflation and employment, no matter how many times the government asserts the contrary. Real recovery will only start when a government begins to act on the basis that the priority now is to increase demand and real employment, as opposed to the cosmetics of Lord Young and the MSC. The scope for and the pace of that recovery will, though, be tragically circumscribed because of the charlatan policies that Mrs Thatcher, Sir Geoffrey Howe and Mr Lawson have foisted on us over these years. □

Secretive government is bad government

FEW RECENT *New Statesman* stories have had the impact of our revelation last week that the Prime Minister and a highly secret small group of ministers have been actively considering the resumption of nerve gas production in this country. The terms of the blanket denial put out by and on behalf of the Prime Minister at once confirmed the substance of Duncan Campbell's story.



That substance was that last summer this secret ad hoc committee of ministers, chaired by the Prime Minister, was considering an option, advocated by the Chief of the Defence Staff, to give this country again a capacity to retaliate with nerve gas; that this policy had been supported as long ago as 1980 by the then Defence Secretary Francis Pym; that last summer the Prime Minister was actively in favour of the option of producing nerve gas weapons in this country; but that Sir Geoffrey Howe and Mr Heseltine were opposed.

Whoever was responsible for this story being leaked to the *New Statesman* was clearly so horrified that such a policy was even under consideration that preventative action was considered to be justified.

As our story made clear, at the time we wrote no actual decision had been made. Since the summer President Reagan has been re-elected and has begun a phase of detente with the Soviet Union. The Geneva nuclear arms talks have been set in motion. These and other factors would obviously have affected the timing and presentation of any decision on nerve gas. The public outcry that greeted our revelation, however, will have made it significantly harder for this government at a later stage to resume nerve gas production.

Quite apart from the issue that the Prime Minister was deciding, the manner of the decision is intolerable. Extreme steps were taken to ensure that only a handful of carefully chosen ministers were in the know. The *only* reason for such secrecy was to enable the Prime Minister to push through, if she wanted, a decision that would be opposed if known to the Cabinet as a whole, let alone if there was any *public* debate. Such secrecy is *totally* incompatible with democratic government.

The small print of the Prime Minister's indignant denials of our story, though, deserves closer study. In the case of equally horrific *biological* weapons the government's position is correct and unequivocal: 'In no circumstances would we consider developing, possessing or using biological weapons.' With nerve gas, the Prime Minister last Thursday said something significantly different: 'There has been no change in Government policy..., nor is any change proposed. However,... we have a duty to keep defence policy under review in the light of... the massive Soviet capacity in chemical weapons.' This statement is compatible with deciding to manufacture British, or stockpile American, nerve gas, if negotiations about chemical and nuclear weapons go badly in Geneva and the current phase of detente runs out. It is also compatible with a policy of continuing research and development of chemical weapons systems in secret.

The nerve gas episode is significant for another reason. It illustrates how the whole machinery of British government continues to function and present options for decision *as if* the United Kingdom was still a world super-power. The continuation of the so-called independent British nuclear deterrent is part of the same syndrome.

In the gas case, the Joint Intelligence Committee came up with an 'assessment' of Soviet nerve gas capacity. (As Duncan Campbell showed, it was in fact a derivative assessment from suspect American data, on which the Americans themselves no longer rely.) Some arthritic imperial impulse then jerks the Cabinet Office and Ministry of Defence machinery into asking the Prime Minister what the *British* response to this capacity should be.

Such follies of past grandeur would be laughable, if they did not result in real dangers and stupidity. The most terrifying aspect of the Falklands War was that a Polaris submarine was sent to the South Atlantic so that its missiles should be an available military 'option' to ministers. For, with Mrs Thatcher as Prime Minister, if the Task Force had begun to lose, the possibility exists that she would have used them. □

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TOUCHING MRS THATCHER ON A RAW NERVE

DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports how Downing Street reacted to last week's revelation that Mrs Thatcher is pressing to restart production of nerve gas

A SENIOR GOVERNMENT minister has confirmed that he attended the meeting last August of the secret ministerial group which Mrs Thatcher set up, intending ultimately to force through a decision that Britain should start manufacturing its own chemical warfare 'retaliatory capability'.

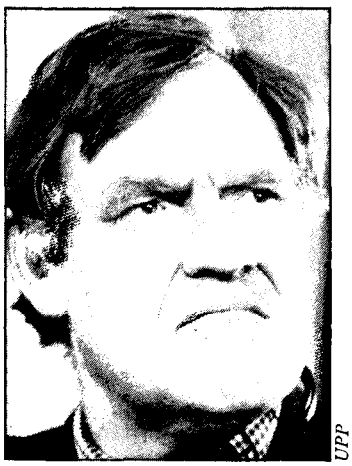
John Biffen, Lord Privy Seal and leader of the House of Commons, told a weekly meeting of parliamentary lobby journalists last Thursday that he had been present at the first secret committee meeting, adding that the meeting had in his view 'none of the drama with which the *New Statesman* invested it'. A further meeting of the secret group had indeed been expected 'in a few months', he said. Some of these remarks have been reported, but only in lobby journalists' code: 'It emerged at Westminster yesterday . . .'

The Prime Ministers' press secretary Bernard Ingham, with deputy Jean Caines, worked overtime on Wednesday night before the *New Statesman* was published in an attempt to minimise the impact of the story. After the BBC's *Nine O'Clock News* ran the story as its first headline, there was considerable concern in Downing Street. Ingham then got in touch with ITN. ITN's *News at Ten* relegated the item to third place, reporting only an official 'denial', despite the story originally having been broken at length by their companion programme, *Channel 4 News*. When the story was covered prominently in all newspapers next morning, senior ITN executives are understood to have been embarrassed at having been so evidently manipulated by Downing Street.

Later that evening, Ingham adopted a slightly different tack with some lobby journalists. While still claiming that he was 'denying' the story, he asserted that it was 'common knowledge' that a series of Whitehall meetings had taken place to discuss chemical weapons. The *NS* story was 'an old story', and not worth reporting.

This was a refreshingly disingenuous official stance, since the entire purpose of setting up an *ad hoc* committee had been to keep its deliberations absolutely secret, even from some members of the Cabinet's defence committee. Mrs Thatcher's anger last week particularly stemmed from that the fact that the leakage came from a 'leakproof' committee.

Downing Street repeatedly issued a statement described as a 'denial' of the contents of the *NS* story. In fact, the statement was included in the story itself. The statement was that British policy has not changed, which is still true, and that there was 'no reason' to expect a change, which is



UPP

Bernard Ingham: ran rings round ITN

quite untrue. In the House of Commons on Thursday, Mrs Thatcher went further still: 'nor is any change (in chemical weapons policy) proposed', she said.

The fact that the entire purpose of Mrs Thatcher's secret committee was to consider specific proposed changes in policy escaped the notice of all Labour Party spokespersons in the Commons, who left the typically enthusiastic overstatement by the Prime Minister unchallenged. Indeed, the issue was only raised in the House by a Conservative MP, Cyril Townsend.

Downing Street's statement that there was 'no reason' to expect a change in policy was even contradicted by statements issued simultaneously by the Ministry of Defence. The MoD pointed to the alleged arsenal of Soviet chemical weapons and warned that 'the implications have to be considered'.

Also on Thursday afternoon, the *NS* revealed that a leaks enquiry had already been launched in an attempt to find the civil servants who had been in touch with us. At first, Downing Street denied this too. Deputy Press Secretary Jean Caines told lobby journalists that they were 'not sure' there was even anything to investigate. She also claimed that the *NS* report contained 'inaccuracies and distortions'. Lobby journalists asked her to provide detail of the inaccuracies, pointing out that she had had 48 hours in which to study the *NS*'s claims. She was unable to cite any specific examples.

A little later that day, however, Downing Street decided that cancelling their mole hunt, just because the *NS* had revealed it first, was an unnecessary exercise in self-denial. A leaks enquiry is now acknowledged to be under way. ●

Roads bulldozer in small print

TRANSPORT SECRETARY Nicholas Ridley is to take new powers to widen roads in London — like the controversial Archway Road — without a public inquiry.

Privately, transport department officials are cock-a-hoop over the new powers. Neither borough councils nor local residents will be able to object to the widening of a trunk road (a road controlled by the Department of Transport).

The new powers are contained in the fine print of the Local Government Bill, 1984, the bill to abolish the Greater London Council and the metropolitan counties. Schedule 4 of the bill gives the Secretary of State for Transport power to make any road now controlled by the GLC a trunk road.

The GLC controls nearly 900 miles of metropolitan road, all in inner London. Ridley has said he wants to take over 70 miles of these roads, but the precise figure (and roads) will be at his whim.

Ridley already has the legal power to take over any road in England, under the Highways Act. But if local councils object there has to be a public inquiry. The new powers enable Ridley to take over a road without a public inquiry, whoever objects. The powers apply only in London, and only to GLC roads.

There will be an inquiry only if the DoT has to purchase land compulsorily. But in many cases the DoT will be able to buy out the households by negotiation. Inquiries are only certain into the four major new roads which the DoT wants to build in London, because of the extent of land which will have to be acquired.

The new bill also withdraws the possibility of an inquiry under the planning system. The only plans will be borough plans. There will be an inquiry into the plan, but strategic issues, such as trunk roads, are ruled out of court in schedule 1 of the bill.

In addition to taking direct control of 70 miles of London's roads the DoT will also control traffic on 300 miles of other roads, currently controlled by the GLC. The DoT will be able to take out bus lanes, zebra crossings, traffic lights, parking meters and anything else which might hold up traffic on these roads.

Mick Hamer

Assaulting sex stereotypes

AT LAST — a more thorough and thoughtful survey of sexual assault on women. Carried out by Women Against Rape (WAR) the survey found, among other things, that one in three respondents had been sexually assaulted.* This contrasts with the British Crime Survey (HMSO 1983) estimate of between six and 26 per 10,000 per year nationally.

One of the difficulties with such surveys is that, although WAR offers a working definition of rape (the legal one of sexual intercourse without consent), neither is precise about sexual assault — and what one woman feels is assault another might think is commonplace and 'not worth mentioning'.

There are considerable differences in the way the two surveys were carried out. The Home Office report admits that its results are probably baised. Its interviewers only uncovered one attempted rape not reported to the police, which 'may have arisen from respondents' reluctance to relive an painful or embarrassing experience for the benefit of a survey interviewer.'

The WAR survey was distributed to women in streets, at doctors' surgeries and at local fairs in London and they were free to fill it in in their own time. That introduces a different bias — being filled in by motivated women with the time, privacy and level of literacy to do so.

Most revealing is how the process of answering questions allowed women to change their minds. Of those who were forced by physical threat or violence, only 55 per cent considered it rape at the time, while 85 per cent now do so.

Also notable is that WAR was sensitive to the racism that is often involved in press reports and police attitudes. It was found, for example, that nearly one in eight Black women who answered said their assault was racial as well as sexual. But as only 36 per cent of the assailants of all women assaulted were strangers, the stereotype of the rapist as someone in a dark alley — usually a Black man — was challenged.

But the value of the survey will be undermined by the fact that much of the women's movement is highly critical of WAR and its sister organisations including Wages for Housework and the Kings Cross Women's Centre. And it is unlikely that the institutions the report might hope to influence will take a survey seriously because it is not carried out by an 'established polling organisation'.

Jane Dibblin

**Ask any woman* by Ruth Hall, Falling Wall Press, £5.50; survey analyses 1,236 questionnaire responses in London.

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BETTER THAN AN ICE-PICK

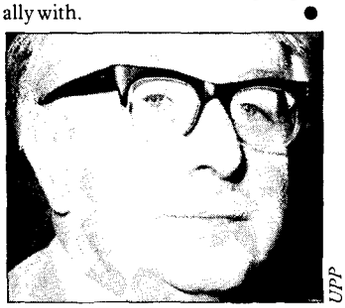
FOR THE FIRST TIME since 1957, when Khruschev's secret speech denouncing Stalin and the invasion of Hungary provoked a major crisis in western communist parties, the executive of Britain's Communist Party has called a special national congress. SARAH BENTON reports

A SPECIAL congress has the powers of the normal biennial affair to vote on policy and elect national executive members. It also hears appeals — in this case probably by *Morning Star* editors Tony Chater and Dave Whitfield against their expulsion from the CP last weekend. Four members of the London District Committee, whose congress was closed down by the executive last November, were also expelled.

The congress has been summoned for 18 May, several weeks before the next round of AGMs of the People's Press Printing Society, the co-op which owns the *Morning Star* and which both votes on the paper's political stance and each year elects a third of the management committee which runs the paper. The management committee last year declared the shareholders had no right to vote for the removal of Tony Chater and Dave Whitfield his assistant. The *Star* editors have argued that the party has no right to impose its policy on them, an argument which they have developed since the *Star* became the focus for political opposition to the party leadership's line.

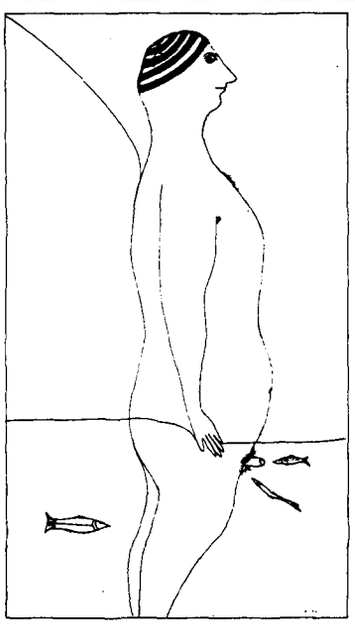
The party leadership decided last week to produce its own *Focus*, a revamped version of its own magazine now sent out weekly for the first time since 1971. The gamut of decisions taken at last weekend's executive mark a new phase in the party leadership. They have taken the organisational initiative (including pulling back ex-National Organiser Dave Cook to full-time work) which, if nothing else, will make it easier to rally support from the members. And they have finally decided to highlight the points of political disagreement rather than the sins of protocol. For instance, last weekend's executive criticised Tony Chater for presenting the issues in dispute as 'purely procedural matters' and for publishing articles that were 'narrow and sectarian'.

At present the assumption is that the leadership will win the majority at a special congress, though perhaps by a very narrow majority. As well as continuing the drive against the fundamentalists, the leadership will also try to unite the party around a number of political objectives, from winning the miners' strike to 'defeating the government's anti-democratic offensive'. To achieve these grand objectives the party would obviously have to have a greater following than it can now command, raising questions over which sections of the Left and trade union movement each side is going to ally with. ●



UPP

***Star* editor Tony Chater: 'narrow and sectarian'**



Well hung

This picture by Martin Wiener — an etching from the series Erotica American Style — was due to be hung at the 2nd International Contemporary Art Fair at Olympia this week. Although it makes most women fall about, it made a couple of the men who saw it go white, shaky and extremely shaky. It will now not be hung. ●

MISCELLANY

Ninety-cent Nigel

Miscellany starts first with a modern classic of disinformation and political opportunism: last week's *Sunday Times* lead story that Mrs Thatcher was about to allow the pound to fall in value to one dollar. With a single unattributable lobby briefing the paper managed to weave one of its typical conspiracies, as usual wholly unsupported by facts. The problem was that the briefing by No 10 press secretary Bernard Ingham did not fit in with the facts (which were that Chancellor Lawson was working all weekend on panic plans to prop up sterling and had to get out of bed early on Monday to go on the *Today* programme to undo the damage done by the *Sunday Times*). But it suited the prejudices of the 'rent-a-splash-story' bunch who call the shots on the paper (which is edited by someone who seems to get lots of 'stories' from Peter Walker and who seems to have no control over the gullible and idle lobby hacks who write for him).

Sun day school

The Sun *this week carried a useful guide to 'those classroom clots' that Keith Joseph wants to crack down on, called '20 Ways to Spot Dunce Teachers' (eg, 'Tries to brainwash pupils . . .'). But it missed the obvious 21st criterion: 'Reads the* Sun.'

Not possible

'There has been an incident at the Dounreay Nuclear Power Development Establishment and this has caused the release of a substance which may be harmful if breathed or eaten. If you live within a few miles of the site you should go indoors, close all doors and windows and change clothing that may have picked up dust whilst you have been out-of-doors. Radio and television announcements will be made of any further precautions that may be advisable . . .' This is how the UK Atomic Energy Authority plans to alert the residents of Caithness in Scotland to the unthinkable: a major nuclear accident (sorry, incident) at Dounreay. Some mischievous soul has apparently been distributing copies of the prepared circular locally. When the *Caithness Courier*, the most cravenly pro-nuclear publication outside the industry, got hold of a copy it first thought it was a hoax because of 'the nebulous language and the brevity of its content'.

Labels, please

Does the BBC World Service really deserve its reputation for impartiality? In a recent edition of 24 Hours, *they wheeled on an American Expert, Robert Hunter, to comment on the US's normalisation of relations with Iraq. What they neglected to mention were Hunter's close links with Iraq's two leading enemies — Iran and Israel. He was a Carter aide in the pro-Shah days and has an Iranian wife. He is also uncompromisingly pro-Israel. Why didn't the Beeb tell us? Did they even know? Can overseas readers supply similar examples of partisan 'experts' getting World Service air space?*

Diplock caught

The Cabinet papers for 1954, which have just been released under the 30 year rule, reveal some strange goings on in the Leeds police force. The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, was worried about betting shops, then illegal, in the city and

sent Mr Diplock QC to investigate. Diplock reported: 'It appears that the practice in Leeds for many years has been to raid each cash betting office once a year, and once a year only, the business being carried on openly at other times. The annual raid on any one office is preceded by visits of plain clothes officers, after which a search warrant is applied for. The occupier is named in the search warrant, and there appears little doubt that in some cases there is agreement between the police and the proprietor beforehand as to who is to be named as occupier, so as to limit the number of convictions against any one person. The police officers concerned become accustomed to swearing informations recklessly, if not indeed falsely, and witnesses spoke of it being a "tradition" for a plain-clothes officer to have a gratuity after the annual appearance of the defendant in court.' Maxwell Fyfe wanted to set up a public inquiry. The cabinet, lead by Churchill, decided to hush it up.

Ana Gram hiatus

More entries for John Selwyn Gummer, please. Ana Gram is in Beijing organising a similar experience for leading Chinese politicians to be published by Ideo Gram in the People's Daily. *Normal insanity will resume here next week. Gum-Gum beware.*

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GREEN CASE FOR KEEPING COAL PITS OPEN

THE ACID RAIN campaign has unearthed information which transforms the argument over what is an uneconomic pit — and explains the government's inactivity over acid rain. STEVE ELSWORTH reports

SCOTTISH and Welsh pits — the ones the National Coal Board most wants to close — produce the cleanest coal in the UK. If the government were to reduce the sulphur dioxide emissions which cause acid rain, costly 'scrubbers' would have to be fitted to power stations burning 'dirty' coal. Low-sulphur coal from Scotland and Wales would then become more attractive.

SERA, the Socialist Environment and Resources Association, estimates that the cost of cleaning up coal burning will add £5-8 per tonne to the price of coal from the NCB's central region, thus eliminating the £5 advantage over Scottish coal currently claimed for it.

The sulphur content of British coal ranges from 0.7 per cent by weight in Scotland and 0.95 per cent in South Wales to nearly 2 per cent. The NCB's plan to concentrate production in 'superpits' in central England would result in coal with almost twice the sulphur content of Scottish or Welsh coal.

UPP

Allan Roberts MP: acid debater

Labour MP Allan Roberts attacked the government for its inaction in the Commons debate on acid rain last Friday. 'The whole economics of what is a profitable or a non-profitable pit is altered if the government takes action on acid rain.' he told the *New Statesman*.

But even if the UK doesn't take action, the price of low-sulphur coal is likely to rise as clean-air laws start to bite in the 18 European countries which have decided to act against the pollution. The argument being deployed against the South Wales and Scottish pits will be completely outdated in five years' time.

Meanwhile, the coal strike is intensifying the acid rain problem. The NCB is burning five times as much oil as usual — which contains between 1 and 3 per cent sulphur by weight.

The strike has also had environmental effects because of the shortage of smokeless fuel. Five local authorities — North Warwickshire, Reading, Preston, Portsmouth, and Guildford — have been granted permission by the Department of the Environment to suspend their smoke control orders under the Clean Air Act of 1956. The act was passed in an attempt to prevent smogs of the type that killed 4,000 people in London in 1952, and suspension of the orders means that clean air policies in the five areas are now virtually non-existent. In the period before the Clean Air Act, air pollution affected the elderly, the very young, and those with respiratory problems: those are the three groups most at risk if the air quality in the five local authorities seriously deteriorates. ●

Nuke test ban: this time . . . ?

EUROPEAN anti-nuclear activists are renewing the campaign for a world ban on nuclear testing, designed to complement US Congressional initiatives to cut off funding for the Reagan administration's tests.

The US disarmament lobby is optimistic that legislative amendments to this effect, sponsored among others by Senator Edward Kennedy, will be successful later this year.

The European initiative was agreed at a meeting in Brussels last week to discuss lobbying the third five-yearly review of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT), due in Geneva in September. A comprehensive test ban is seen by Greenpeace and the London-based European Proliferation Information Centre, who took part in the Brussels meeting, as the best way to prevent the collapse of the NPT in the autumn. Such a ban was one of the original minimum aims of the NPT when it was first signed in 1968, and has been one of the main demands of the non-nuclear weapons states at previous NPT review conferences in 1975 and 1980. But the NPT has been undermined by the lack of progress towards nuclear disarmament on the part of the nuclear weapons states.

Rob Edwards

MINERS PICKETS ROLL CALL (6)

Total arrests to date*: 9,114

*from 14 March to 11 January, not including arrests of supporters on street collections, etc and covering England and Wales only.

IN THE COURTS

As of 8 January, 7,467 pickets had been charged and 4,352 cases had been heard in court by that date (58 per cent). The largest number of charges were for 'breach of the peace' (3,844 made under the Public Order Act and 189 under common law) followed by 'obstruction of the police' (1,643 cases). The most serious charges related to the miners accused of killing the taxi driver in South Wales and a third miner has now been charged with murder.

The proportion of acquittals continues to rise. It's now 24 per cent, as against a fifth after the early cases had been heard. Of those found guilty, 125 have been jailed and 23 sent to detention centres. The most severe sentence so far (three years) was recorded this month (see prison below). Almost three quarters (74 per cent) of those sentenced received fines, just over a quarter of whom were fined £100 or more. In 1,111 cases, the defendant has been bound over to keep the peace.

SCOTLAND

The arrest figures above and in previous columns were compiled by the Home Office and the National Reporting Centre and cover England and Wales only. The most recent figures for Scotland were in response to a parliamentary question of 17 December. These showed total arrests up to 7 December of 1,406. The number of convictions up to 16 November was 224 — 87 per cent were fined and two people imprisoned.

PRISON

Nine miners from Shirebrook colliery and a farmworker were jailed at Derby Crown Court on 7 January after admitting setting fire to five NCB buses in August. One, 18-year-old David Gaunt who was said to have taken petrol to the scene, got 3 years and the others 30 months.

The astonishing 'police riot' in Fitzwilliam near Pontefract in July was given the judicial seal of approval in Pontefract Magistrates Court with the conviction of seven out of nine defendants. The magistrate said: 'I am satisfied that the police operation was lawful. It was not a riot, nor was it provocative.' Peter Hurst was sentenced to six months for breach of the peace, three defendants received suspended sentences and three others are awaiting social enquiry reports.

The Public Order Research Group estimated in December that there were 50 miners in prison.

STREET COLLECTIONS

Christmas provided no respite from police harassment of collectors with miners' families in **Atlantic Road, Brixton** being stopped from collecting on Christmas Eve.

Conservative controlled **Tamworth** Council in Staffordshire has banned striking miners or their supporters from collecting in the town in response to an application for a Chirstmas collection for miners children.

However, there was some fraternisation on the picket lines similar to events in the trenches of 1914. In **Selby**, pickets in fancy dress invited police to join them in carol singing and strikers exchanged caps for policemen's helmets. At the Celynen South pit near **Newbridge, South Wales**, NUM lodge officials dressed as Santa Claus and reindeer sang carols at police and the 27 working miners. The police declined their offer of toy plastic pigs as Christmas presents. In **Nottinghamshire**, however, police were told to take down tinsel and holly from their vans by senior officers.

MASS ARRESTS

Twenty-five members of miners support groups were arrested on **15 December** following an occupation of an office in Bangor, North Wales, where Welsh Office Minister Wyn Roberts was meeting constituents. All were charged with breach of the peace.

On **21 December**, 41 people were charged with various public order offences following a riot in Castleford. Thirty-four were bailed to appear on 28 January on condition that they obeyed an 8pm to 8am curfew.

At **Afan, South Wales**, 102 miners were committed to trial at the Crown Court charged with unlawful assembly and damaging a ship and three ore unloaders at Port Talbot.

COST OF POLICING

Home Office minister Giles Shaw has admitted that the cost of policing is at least £103m so far. The physical cost is rising too. Between 13 March and 13 December, 1,261 police were injured 'during the course of the current miners' dispute'.

The GLC Police Committee Support Unit has produced a leaflet on street collections in London, available from Room 602, County Hall, London SE1 7PB (01-633 5944). Further advice can be obtained from the National Council for Civil Liberties (01-403 3888). The Public Order Research Group is collecting details of harassment of street collectors (9 Poland Street, London W1 01-734 5831). Please send any information on police or court treatment of striking miners, their families, and supporters to **Miners Pickets Roll Call**, at the **New Statesman.**

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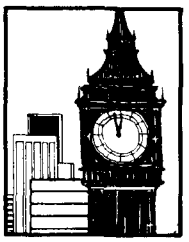

PETER KELLNER

What the public really thinks about the miners

IN DUE COURSE the big myth about Labour's leadership and the miners' strike will wreak whatever havoc it can: the myth that Neil Kinnock and his associates betrayed the miners in the attitudes they have taken during the dispute. But while we wait for the main course, an *hors d'oeuvre* of a myth has been served to whet our appetite.

It is that the decline in Labour's rating since last summer is the result, not of anything done by the miners, but instead the fault of Kinnock himself. Had he supported Arthur Scargill and the miners' executive totally, so the argument runs, both Kinnock's own standing and that of the party would be far higher. The case we are asked to accept is that Kinnock has not only betrayed the miners; he has also betrayed Labour's electoral appeal.

A single piece of evidence is normally adduced to argue this case: that around 30 per cent of the public supports the miners, roughly the same as the number who think Kinnock is doing well as party leader — and rather less than say they would vote Labour if a general election were held now. Kinnock thus lags behind his party; what other explanation could there be than his spineless approach to the strike?

Because opinion polls tend to provide information in which cause and effect are often difficult to disentangle — if indicators A and B move up and down in parallel, is it A's performance influencing B, or vice versa? — arguments of interpretation are always possible. Or nearly always. There has been a fair amount of polling since the start of the miners' strike. If it is looked at in its totality, it is hard to sustain the view that Scargill has captured the public mood better than Kinnock.

Both Gallup and MORI have been monitoring public attitudes to the strike since June. One of Gallup's questions is a repeat of one it asked at the height of the three-day week: 'Are your sympathies mainly with the employers or mainly with the miners in the dispute which has arisen in the coal industry?' In February 1974 the responses were: employers — 24 per cent, miners — 52, neither/don't know — 24. So Joe Gormley, now much reviled on the Left, not only led a solid strike, but one that enjoyed considerable public sympathy.

When Gallup asked the same question at the end of last June three months into the current strike, it received the following answer: employers — 40 per cent, miners — 33, neither/don't know — 27. So the miners were doing markedly less well in public opinion than ten years earlier; however, neither side could claim decisively to have won the public opinion battle.

Since then, however, support for the miners has slipped, while that for the coal board has increased. In mid-December, support for the coal board stood at 51 per cent, with support for the miners at 26 per cent — roughly the reverse of the position during the 1974 three-day week.

A slightly different question by MORI has shown a similar trend. Asked, 'on balance, who do you support most in the current dispute, the miners or the national coal board?', MORI's samples showed a widening of the gap between June and August — and little change since then. In June, 35 per cent said they supported the miners; 41 per cent said the coal board. The December figures were: miners — 35 per cent, NCB — 44 per cent.

STILL, even if the miners are behind, they still enjoy the support of something like 10 million adults, if you take Gallup's figures, and 12 million, if you take MORI's. Since 12 million votes is roughly what Labour needs to win a general election, a superficial case can be made for saying that all-out support for the miners equals an election-winning strategy. There are, though, two defects in that argument. One concerns arithmetic, the other concerns interpretation.

The arithmetical point is that not everybody votes in general elections. The fact that 10 to 12 million people would say, if asked, that they support the miners does not mean that this number would vote at all, let alone for a party backing the miners, at a general election.

This fallacy is evident in the observation that Kinnock's approval rating is around 30 per cent, while Labour's appears higher, at 33. In fact Kinnock's score represents the percentage *of the total sample* who think he is doing a good job, while Labour's 'voting intention' is shown as a percentage of those *who express an opinion and excludes don't knows*. If both figures are shown as a percentage of the total sample, then in recent months Labour's share has remained below 30 per cent, while Kinnock's has generally been a little above. There is not a big difference, but the assertion that Kinnock's rating is lower than his party's is simply untrue.

The more serious fallacy in the polls-prove-Kinnock-wrong argument is that it equates general support for the miners with support for the particular strategy pursued by Scargill and his executive. On three occasions MORI has asked: 'On balance do you think Mr Scargill has handled the dispute well or badly on behalf of the NUM?'

In June, 17 per cent said 'well', while 76 per cent said badly. By August, the figures had moved to 14-79, and last month to 12-82. In as far as there is any yardstick by which to judge Kinnock, that provides the better (though still imperfect) comparison. I cannot prove it, any more than anyone else can prove the opposite, but the obvious interpretation of these figures is that, had Kinnock endorsed Scargill's every move, his and Labour's ratings would be even lower.

Again, Gallup, asking a slightly different question — removing the personality issue — reports a similar pattern. It has asked: 'Do you approve or disapprove of the methods being used at present by the miners?'. Between June and December the numbers approving fell from 15 to 10 per cent, while the numbers disapproving rose from 79 to 86 per cent. For there to be as big as a 76 per cent difference (that is, 86 minus 10) on any major issue is rare in polling.

On the specific issue of violence, MORI found in September that only 19 per cent blamed chiefly the government (8 per cent), the police (7) or the coal board (4). Seventy-one per cent chiefly blamed either the NUM leadership (43 per cent), or the miners generally (28).

Not that Ian MacGregor is winning too many public plaudits. MORI has asked the same question about him as it has asked about Scargill — whether people think he has handled the dispute well or badly. His rating, too, has declined since the summer — and rather faster than Scargill's. Last June, 35 per cent said he was handling the dispute well, while 49 per cent said badly. By last month the division was 23-62.

Nor does the government win much praise. Last September, MORI found that 24 per cent thought that Mrs Thatcher had done a good job handling the miners' strike, while 62 per cent said she had done a bad job. And last month, in Tory Southgate, a Harris by-election poll found that only 42 per cent approved of the government's policy on the miners' dispute, while 46 per cent disapproved. Both polls found considerable disenchantment among Tory supporters — with 30 per cent in MORI's sample and 24 per cent in Harris's giving the government poor marks.

None of this accumulated 'plague on both your houses' evidence speaks either to the fundamental rights and wrongs of the dispute, or to the way the miners' leadership is conducting it. Maybe the media is to blame for these poll figures. Maybe in time the miners may be vindicated by history and even by the public. Voters tend to be fickle people and to like winners — even if those winners were condemned while they were still fighting. Nevertheless, to claim that *today* outright, uncritical support by Kinnock for the miners' *leaders* would be greeted by widespread public enthusiasm is a sad, stupid and dangerous delusion. □

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SELL-OUT OF THE PEOPLE'S BANK

TSBs have given their mainly working-class customers value for money over the years. The government now plans to force them into conventional capitalism. Christopher Hird reports

THE CASTLEMILK estate in Glasgow is one of those post-war housing estates which planners like to forget. It has poorly built council housing, inadequate investment in infrastructure and now bulldozers to demolish houses built in the lifetime of many of the 42,500 people who live on the estate.

Unemployment is high — over 30 per cent — and household incomes are low. It is the sort of place where tallymen and unscrupulous money lenders find easy prey. In a community as large as this in the south-east of England, building societies and banks would jostle side by side to get the residents' money. In Castlemilk there are no branches of the big high street banks. The financial needs of the community — tallymen apart — are met by only two institutions: the Post Office and the Trustee Savings Bank.

In Liverpool the story is similar. Parts of the Cantril Farm estate — a bleak '60s development on the outskirts of the city — are already being demolished. In desperation its name has been changed to Stockbridge Village. A few years ago the regional management of the TSB wanted to close down the only bank in Cantril Farm. Local managers argued it was the bank's business to serve such communities. The TSB stayed.

Anyone who is a customer of the TSB will know that for years the bank, which only has personal customers, has offered free banking and paid interest on its current accounts. These features of the TSB are not simply commercial common sense. They are the direct result of the bank's unique history and place in working-class communities. Part of that unique history is that the TSB are not formally owned by anyone, a fact which has made them very vulnerable to the current privatisation plan.

The Trustee Savings Bank has the best claim in Britain to being a working-class bank. It thus provided the best opportunity of creating a popular bank run for the benefit of the community. Barring acts of God — or, almost as unlikely, vigorous opposition from the Labour Party — by the end of this year the City of London will have completed one of the most audacious coups of all time, in dispossessing the bank's six million customers of *their* bank.

But there is more than this at stake — the government will have launched the first serious attack on one of the important but neglected and misunderstood parts of the economy: those mutual organisations, run without shareholders, for the benefit of their customers and, in theory, controlled by them.

THE TRUSTEE SAVINGS banks have their roots in nineteenth century paternalism. They were started as a way of keeping the poor out of the ale house and off the rates by encouraging them to help themselves through thrift and saving. Started by a Scottish cleric with some radical credentials, they were quickly welcomed by the ruling class as being a painless (to the rich) way of limiting poverty as well as raising money for the government, to whom all the savings were lent. (For these reasons — and for their aggressive promotion by George Rose, one of the most notorious sinecure holders of the time — the savings banks were virulently attacked by radicals like William Cobbett.)

From the beginning they were run by local, self-perpetuating trustees, drawn heavily from the squirarchy and local elite. Although they were run for the benefit of depositors (the Trustees were unpaid), the paid staff frequently got a poor deal. In 1960, for example, the banking union claimed that employees at the Derbyshire TSB were the lowest paid in Europe.

'The government are ideologically unsympathetic to mutually owned businesses'

Despite this, ever since 1810 the savings banks have been one of the most popular forms of saving for working-class people from whom most of the six million customers are drawn, in contrast to the main clearing banks. And the TSB is now — both by assets and size of the branch network — one of Britain's biggest banks.

FOR YEARS the TSB has been a thorn in the flesh of the banking establishment. Because of its unique 'customer first' ethics, it could reach working — class communities. The big banks wanted to expand into them too but were held back by, amongst other things, their overriding need to make a profit. To them, the TSBs constituted unfair competition.

From the 1950s, the TSBs wanted to compete more, offering a wider range of services to their clientele (they had no business customers). First they decided to issue cheque books — 'the man in overalls certainly seems interested in them', remarked one of the senior TSB managers. But for seven years the Treasury and the main banks resisted. Then the TSBs decided that they wanted to lend money — again the Treasury resisted.

Pressed on one side by the clearing banks, and on the other by their own management and customers, the TSB did need to clarify its functions and position in law. The Treasury set up a special committee to decide on their future, chaired by Sir Harry Page, formerly Treasurer of Manchester City Council. Its report in 1973 put the TSBs firmly on the road to becoming a complete bank. Page — an interesting mixture of local government efficiency, populist radicalism and committee manipulator — saw the TSBs' future as a People's Bank.

Page wanted the TSBs to concentrate solely on personal customers, but to provide them with a full range of financial services. When I spoke to him just before Christmas (he died suddenly on New Year's Eve), Page told me that he found the paternalist nature of the TSBs 'obnoxious', but liked the idea of a series of regional banks, serving their customers without having to make profits from them.

A central part of the Page proposals was that the TSBs be made into a 'mutual' organisation — run for the benefit of the staff and customers, as opposed to outside shareholders. The depositors would own the TSB and elect at least some of the board. As it was unclear who owned the banks, Page decided it should become a 'People's Mutual Bank', operating under Friendly Society law (like co-ops). It is this ideal which is now being killed off.

The TSBs welcomed the Page proposals, including the idea of making the bank mutual, i.e. owned by and run for the depositors, as building societies are. 'The TSBs exist for the collective benefit of their customers', the TSB Central Board told the Wilson Committee on financial institutions in 1978. It was a solution which encapsulated the ethos that guided the bank.

TWO THINGS happened between 1979 and 1982 which dramatically affected the TSB: Sir John Read took over as chairman and the Conservative government developed an increasing confidence in its own ideology. Together they defeated the idea of creating a people's mutual bank. But even Read could not have pulled it off if other imperatives hadn't been at work.

When the Labour government passed the 1976 Trustee Savings Bank Act, putting into effect the Page report, Trade Minister Edmund Dell said the plan was to create 'a third force in banking' between private sectors banks and 'a third force which is mutually owned'. But the Act itself contained no provision for this to be achieved. The TSBs were not due to be free of Treasury control for another nine years, and in 1976 it didn't seem necessary to worry about their formal structure.

Internally, the TSBs themselves took a similar view. Several things reinforced the tendency to push the issue aside. There were other more pressing things to do: the Page report and the 1976 Act planned a strong centralised TSB board with 15 — instead of 70

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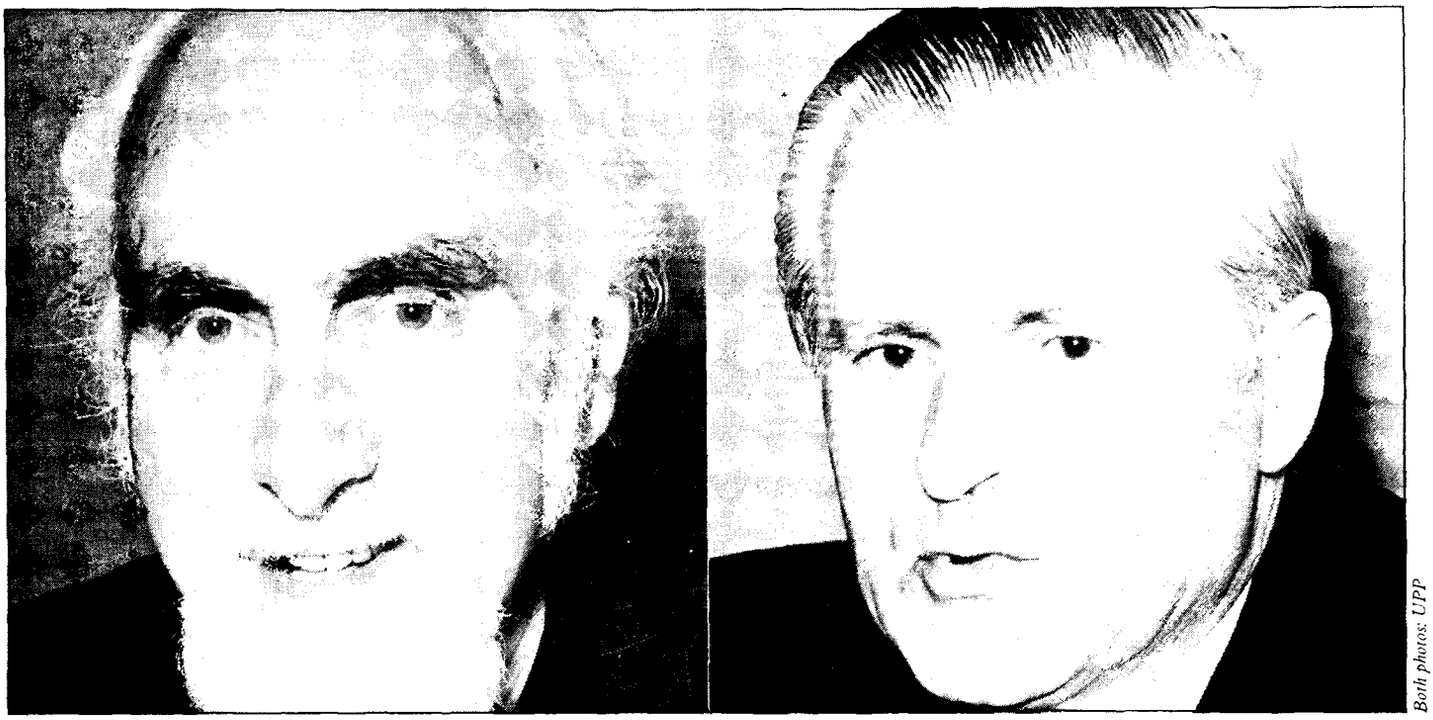

Both photos: UPP

The late Sir Harry Page (left): vision of banks not making profits out of their customers and (right) Sir John Read: ex-EMI, now pushing through Tory plans for the TSBs

— regions. There was substantial resistance to be overcome.

There was also resistance to the democratic form of mutuality favoured by Page. Once, when the idea was discussed informally at a meeting in Yorkshire, the chairman of the Yorkshire bank recoiled in horror. Good heavens, he said, we can't have elected trustees — there's a man called Scargill in the south of the county who will simply pack the meetings with his supporters.

The TSB also had a uneasy relationship with the Labour government. The minister responsible after Dell — junior Treasury minister Denzil Davies — viewed the moves towards a more centralised bank with deep suspicion. He saw them as an undesirable attack on the local character of the banks and as part of an attempt to create a conventional City of London bank.

The TSB also found Treasury officials hostile to the particular form of mutuality favoured. This was a statutory company, a company set up by Act of Parliament controlled by mutually owned federal banks. Treasury civil servants were very much opposed to the statutory company, which they viewed as being able to exercise power without responsibility to any clearly defined body.

THE EXPERIENCE of the '70s taught the TSB board — by now successfully established as a central body — that they needed a strong chairperson to stand up to the government. They expected a fight on their hands over mutuality and they had met with resistance from the Labour government over their plan to buy the hire purchase company UDT, which they regarded as one more step towards becoming just another City bank.

UDT — one of the finance companies which had to be rescued by the Bank of England in the mid-seventies — was very attractive to the TSBs. It was a way of buying both management experience in consumer lending and a substantial existing loan business. The new TSBs' main ambition was to be able to lend money to their depositors, as well as bank their savings. The Bank of England was very keen on the takeover — it meant in effect that the TSBs deposits would repay the substantial loans which the Bank had organised to rescue UDT.

At the end of 1979 the TSB board appointed a sub-committee — the Four Wise Men — to find this new chairperson. They suggested Sir John Read. To those who knew anything about the TSBs it looked a very odd choice. Read had no experience remotely relevant to the history of the TSBs and had been an undistinguished and distinctly unsuccessful chairman of EMI — where Geoffrey Howe was a director. But he impressed the Four Wise Men as someone tough enough to stand up to the Treasury — his potential disadvantages were overlooked in the belief that they could control him.

They were wrong: within months of the appointment Lord Coleridge, one of the four, regretted the decision. In the words of a TSB board member 'Read showed he was Thatcher's man'. This brought some advantages — the takeover of UDT went through in 1981. But this itself brought an influx of senior management who knew nothing about the mutual ethos of the TSB.

By now the question of the ownership of the bank could not be put off any longer. Many senior figures in the bank — such as the chief general manager Tom Bryans — who had worked all their lives for the TSBs, stuck out for mutuality. But moves towards centralisation and the takeover of UDT had unleashed forces which lay uneasily with the idea of a democratic mutual bank. And they now paid the price for not studying the issue more closely during the seventies.

Read and the Conservative government were adamant that the banks were not to be mutualised, but all that discussion took place in the privacy of the boardroom — it was never taken out to the managers or customers as a whole. They first learned about it in August 1982 when the plan to sell shares in the bank was announced publically. Then some members of BIFU, the banking, insurance and finance union, started to campaign against the sale.

BIFU HAS a virtual closed shop in the TSB and in the past had favoured the bank becoming mutual. However in 1982 the national leadership supported the flotation plan. BIFU has some of the best collective agreements in the industry with the TSB and the national leadership made a straightforward pragmatic decision. They did not want to put their agreements at risk by picking a fight over mutuality which they knew they could not win and on which they could not rely on the support of their union members. Despite a vigorous campaign from members of the union who favoured mutuality — many of whom were bank managers and Tories — the national leadership's line prevailed.

BIFU's decision is one reason for the Labour opposition's decision not to oppose formally the share sale plan in the Commons this week. They also feel the question of the ownership of the TSBs is a rather abstruse issue and the party's real fight should be over the government's proposals for the building

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societies. They could be making a serious mistake.

The ownership of the TSBs is not as clear cut as that of the building societies, which are quite clearly owned by their depositors. But the government has never produced any arguments to support its claim that the bank does *not* belong to the depositors. Indeed, when the Treasury sought legal advice in the 1970s, they were told that the bank *did* belong to the depositors.

And the issue is not that abstruse: a bank which has no shareholders to reward and sees its job as serving its customers is likely to provide a better and cheaper service, more in tune with its customers' aspirations, than one run by a gang of conventional businessmen in London. The principle of mutuality is not one in the forefront of political debate. But given the advantages that mutuality can deliver and the need to increase public awareness, the TSBs could be a place to raise the argument before the big battle on building societies.

However, interestingly, it looks as though the Labour Party's main opposition to the government's building society proposals is the intention to allow them to do something other than provide mortgages. In fact, potentially the most significant proposal in a recent Green Paper is to allow building societies to turn themselves into shareholder companies.

It is fairly clear from government statements that they are ideologically unsympathetic to mutually owned businesses as they 'do not face the financial discipline imposed on a company by the stock market'. But the Labour Party itself does not have a great historical affection for those mutual organisations which trace their descent from paternalistic efforts to discipline workers in the ways of capitalism, and many trade unions have found them indifferent employers.

But at the moment, mutual organisations are amongst the few economic organisations driven by values other than those of private profit — however much some of their managers might wish otherwise. They contain the potential for some form of democratic control.

If the TSB is sold off — even with employees and depositors getting preference in the allocation of shares — within a few years the shares are likely to be held mainly by institutions. They will undoubtedly support any moves to abolish any in-built protections against being taken over. Perhaps within seven years, the TSB — built up with the savings of the workers — will have disappeared, to the profit of its competitors. □

This England

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Families out tobogganing on Primrose Hill on Sunday morning watched with some amazement a police transit van draw up and spill out five officers bearing riot shields. The policemen proceeded to go tobogganing on their riot shields. At the end of two hours the van sounded its siren — the cue for the men to pick up their shields and return to base. — *Guardian* (Elizabeth Jones)

CHECKING THE FIGURES

James Cutler argues that the statistics on which the Black report was based produce a falsely comforting conclusion

LAST SUMMER the nuclear industry sighed with audible relief at the reassuring pronouncements of the Black Report. Set up to examine the high rates of childhood cancer and leukaemia found by Yorkshire Television in villages near the plant in Cumbria, Sir Douglas Black's Inquiry declared that childhood cancer rates in Seascale and the surrounding area of Millom Rural District were 'unusual but not unparalleled'. Moreover, the Inquiry claimed there was 'no obvious geographical pattern' in cancer rates in the area, so a link with Windscale's radioactive discharges (the largest in the world), into the Irish Sea, while possible, was 'unproven'.

However, confidential copies of the detailed evidence supplied to the Inquiry show that nearly half of the cases of childhood cancer that have occurred in Seascale and nearby villages were simply left out of the Black Report's crucial statistical analyses. The result is that the disease rate close to Windscale has been significantly underestimated. Worse still, other polluted areas on the Cumbrian coast were found by the Inquiry to have alarming childhood cancer rates but were never mentioned: the result was a falsely reassuring picture.

If it is scientifically established that there is a link between Windscale's discharges and the excess of cancers on the Cumbrian coast, these children will be the world's first acknowledged environmental victims of civil nuclear power. Elizabeth Fox, a 17-year-old farmer's daughter, died in Millom Rural District from leukaemia in 1964. Like all the other cases of under 25-year-old cancer in the area, she is listed in the front of the Black Report. Yet in a later table analysing leukaemia deaths in the under 25-year-old group in Millom Rural District between 1959-1967, her case has disappeared, giving the false impression that Millom's leukaemia death rate for that period was below the national average when, in fact, it was above. I found this surprising because I personally sent the author of the table — Dr Martin Gardner of Southampton University — a copy of Elizabeth's Fox's death certificate.

Dr Gardner, a member of Sir Douglas Black's Inquiry team, carried out a second study for the report. After searching through 152 English and Welsh rural districts, he managed to find one with an under 25-year-old leukaemia rate similar to Millom's at 4½ times the national average. This was the basis for the claim that Millom Rural District's leukaemia rate was 'unusual but not unparalleled'. The other area which was never named is Depwade Rural District near Diss in Norfolk. The census office statistics show that for *cancers other than leukaemia* Depwade's rate is *lower* than the national average, while Millom's is double the normal rate. When the leukaemias and other cancer cases are added together Millom has by far the highest overall cancer rate. No mention of this was made in the Black Report, yet one of the most significant aspects of the Windscale coast cancer evidence is that there are excesses not just of leukaemia, but of other radiation induced cancers as well.

WITHIN Millom Rural District is Seascale, 1½ miles from the Windscale discharge pipe. Black commissioned a study to compare this

Geoffrey Runton: one of 7 cancer cases overlooked by Black

The missing cases

Of the 17 cases on the Windscale coast submitted by Yorkshire Television to the Black Inquiry, all the above were omitted from their calculations of cancer rates in the Windscale area.

	Age	Diagnosis	Resident in
Elizabeth Fox	17	*Leukaemia*	Millom Rural District
William W*	9	*Lymphatic cancer*	Seascale
Gemma L*	2	*Lymphatic cancer*	Seascale
Janet Walker	14	*Sarcoma*	Seascale
Diane W*	12	*Brain cancer*	Bootle Ward
Geoffrey Runton	12	*Bone tumour*	Bootle Ward
Phillipa Hughes	4	*Kidney tumour*	Bootle Ward

**Surnames of children who have survived are withheld.*

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village's childhood cancer rates with those of 675 other electoral wards in the whole of the Northern region stretching from Cumbria across to Tyneside. This study did, at least, look at other types of cancer as well as leukaemias, and drew up tables of the 'top ten' wards with the highest rates. But like Gardner's study of Millom, it omits and distorts some of the evidence. Referring to the study's findings, the Black Report states that Seascale comes only sixth highest in the 'top ten' table of all cancers and third in the leukaemia table. This was the source of the Health Minister's claim that Seascale's childhood cancer and leukaemia rates are 'unusual but not unique'.

However, the time period considered spans only the 14 years from 1968-1982. No mention is made of Seascale's high childhood cancer rate before and afterwards. If the study period is extended by just one year to 1983, the picture changes dramatically. Two further cases in that year put Seascale top of the leukaemia table for the Northern Region. Both of these children — William W. and Gemma L., listed in the front of the Black Report — are well known to the author of the comparative ward study. He is Dr Alan Craft of Newcastle, the paediatric consultant who treats them. Another Seascale cancer victim — 14-year-old Janet Walker — was left out of Dr Craft's tables, even though her fatal sarcoma was diagnosed in 1975, well within the 1968-1982 study period.

When these three missing Seascale cases are included, and when the 'top ten' wards are listed correctly by statistical significance (i.e. whether or not the cases could have occurred by chance), Seascale heads the 'top ten' wards in the tables for all cancers and for leukaemia. Its rate — 24 times the regional average — is unlikely to have happened by chance since the odds against are a million to one and is unmatched by any village so far found in Britain.

THEN THERE is the assertion, also based on Craft's study, that 'no obvious geographical pattern' emerges if the 'top ten excess' wards in the Northern Region are plotted on a map. It is hard to check this claim since none of the wards are identified in the Black Report except Seascale. But a confidential copy of the original Craft evidence shows that two of the other 'top ten' childhood cancer wards in the Northern Region are on the Cumbrian coast. They are Wampool estuary, North of the plant, and Barrow Island, to the South.

Yet the map is still incomplete as more cases from the Black Report list have been missed out in Craft's analysis. They were Diane W., Phillipa Hughes and Geoffrey Runton who were all under 15 and all diagnosed with cancer within the relevant time period (1968-1982). They all lived in Bootle ward, on the Cumbrian coast next to the plutonium contaminated Ravenglass estuary. Yet this ward is listed as having only one case in Craft's study. In fact, with a rate that is 6½ times the regional average it, too, should be in the 'top ten' wards.

A distinct geographical pattern now becomes obvious; four of the 'top ten' childhood cancer wards in the Northern Region are found on the Cumbria coast. One of them, Seascale, is the village next to the Windscale discharge pipe; two, Ravenglass and Wampool, are river estuaries with plutonium concentrated in the silt* and the fourth — Barrow Island — next to the silty banks of the Walney Channel, is another plutonium 'hotspot' mentioned in the government's environmental radioactivity monitoring reports. □

*Levels of plutonium from Windscale in the silt at Ravenglass are 27,000 times greater than the levels in normal UK soil from left-over Bomb Test fall-out.

NUCLEAR WAR

THE BOMB AND THE LAW

After the Schultz-Gromyko talks in Geneva last week the American and Russian governments are preparing for the resumption of nuclear disarmament negotiations in the spring. Meanwhile there is a growing body of international legal opinion that nuclear warfare is contrary to international law. This view was forcefully expressed at the Nuclear Warfare Tribunal held in London earlier this month. Peter Tatchell reports

SINCE THE TURN of the century, Britain has been a signatory to many international agreements governing the rules of warfare. Together they enshrine the principle that the right of a nation to inflict injury on an adversary is 'not unlimited'. Much of international law prohibits precisely what would be involved in any nuclear war: indiscriminate attack, the killing of civilians, genocide, mass destruction, excessive suffering, violation of neutral states and long-term damage to the environment.

● **IVth Hague Convention of 1907**, Article 25, forbids 'the attack or bombardment *by whatever means*, of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are undefended'. Article 27 specifically requires that steps be taken to spare hospitals, churches, historic momuments and scientific and cultural centres.

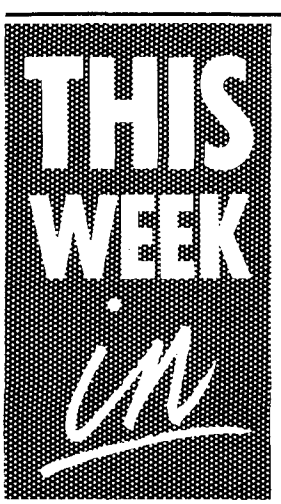
● **The Geneva Convention of 1949** gave further protection to civilians and wounded combatants. Article 18 states that under no circumstances shall civilian hospitals be targets of attack.

● ***The Geneva Convention of 1977***, Protocol 1, subsequently established that belligerents must 'distinguish between the civilian population and combatants, and between civilian objects and military objectives, and accordingly shall direct their operations *only* against military objectives . . . The civilian population as such, as well as individual civilians, shall not be the object of attack . . . Indiscriminate attacks are prohibited. Indiscriminate attacks are: . . . those which employ a method or means of combat which cannot be directed at a specific military objective (Articles 48 and 51).

Any serious nuclear war would involve the death of hundreds of millions. Such mass killing of whole populations would be in clear breach of Article 2 of the **1948 Genocide Convention**. It would also contravene Article 23 of the **IVth Hague Convention**, which established that it is forbidden to 'destroy or seize the enemy's property, unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war'. In would also break the **1977 Geneva Convention**, Article 51, which prohibits attacks that result in 'loss of civilian life, injury to civilians, damage to civilian objects . . . which would be excessive in relation to the concrete and direct military advantage anticipated'.

Since nuclear war would produce flash burns, blindness and prolonged radiation sickness, it would contravene the **1977 Geneva Convention**, Article 35, which outlaws the use of 'methods of warfare of a nature to cause superfluous injury and unnecessary suffering'.

The **1907 Hague Convention**, Article 1, also ruled that 'the territory of neutral powers is inviolable'. The wind-borne dispersal of radioactive fallout from a nuclear war would inevitably break the terms of this article. To the



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NEWSociety

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extent that an ensuing 'nuclear winter' rendered large parts of the earth uninhabitable for generations, it would be contrary to Articles 35 and 55 of the **1977 Geneva Convention**, which prohibit 'methods or means of warfare which are intended, or may be expected, to cause widespread long-term and severe damage to the natural environment . . . and thereby to prejudice the health or survival of the population'.

In 1957 the British government gave national legal effect to the 1949 Geneva Convention, when it put through the **Geneva Convention Act**. Twelve years later Parliament also passed the **Genocide Act**, giving effect to the 1948 Genocide Convention. Under both these British Acts, breaches of the Conventions are triable in the UK and punishable by a maximum of life imprisonment.

There is also the question whether the use of nuclear weapons would be tantamount to a war crime, a crime against peace, or a crime against humanity. Under the **VIth Principle of International Law**, recognised at the post-war Nuremburg Tribunal and adopted in 1950 by the UN International Law Commission, war crimes are 'violations of the laws and customs of war . . . (and) wanton destruction of cities, towns or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity'. It defines 'Murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation and *other inhuman acts* done against any civilian population' as a crime against humanity; and the 'planning, preparation, initiation of waging of a war . . . in violation of international treaties, agreements and assurances' as a crime against peace.

Further, Article 3 of the **Genocide Convention** includes the explicit crime of 'conspiracy to commit genocide'. The Nuremburg Tribunal and the UN International Law Commission made it an offence to conspire to commit 'crimes against peace'.

The **1945 London Agreement on War Criminals** established that no one, of whatever rank or office, can escape the jurisdiction of international law. No one can successfully plead that they were 'merely obeying orders'. The London Agreement was reconfirmed as Principles of International Law at the Nuremburg Tribunal and by the UN International Law Commission, which declared: 'The fact that internal law does not impose a penalty for an act which constitutes a crime under international law does not relieve the person who committed the act from responsibility under international law'.

The government may continue to argue that its nuclear defence policy is internationally legal. But those who execute that policy still need to think twice. The British Manual of Military Law states that 'members of the armed forces are bound to obey lawful orders only, and they cannot escape liability if, in obedience to a command, they commit acts which both violate the unchallenged rules of warfare and outrage the general sentiment of humanity'.

In a future war, the honourable disobedience of those in the armed forces of the nuclear powers involved may be our only hope for survival. □

Peter Tatchell is the author of Democratic Defence — a Non-Nuclear Alternative *to be published by GMP on 21 March.*

Richard and Sally Greenhill

FIVE YEARS FRUSTRATION

Barry Hugill predicts that Sir Keith Joseph will ignore the report from the Swann Committee

LATER THIS month, five years after its inception, the Swann Committee should publish its report on the education of black, Asian and other ethnic minority children. It has already been printed, but as publication has been expected every month for over a year, it will not be a major surprise if January passes without the 900-plus page report appearing. The only possible reason for further delay would be a reluctance on the part of Sir Keith Joseph for it to see the light of day. And, given the blandness of much of its content, there is no reason for the Minister to take against it.

There has never been a more leaked report than that of this committee, sitting under Lord Swann, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University. Leakers in chief, it is believed by several committee members, occupy well paid positions within the DES and have been happy to supply the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph* with various drafts of the report. In September a *Telegraph* leader writer predicted a 'white backlash' if the schools paid heed to the Swann suggestion that Christian morning assembly be modified in the light of Britain's large non-Christian population. The morning assembly is a white cultural tradition and the indigenous population will defend it to their dying breath, proclaimed the leader. Mary Kenny in the *Mail* was offensive, and wrong, in an article reporting that Swann would recommend that *every* school be obliged to teach all subjects in Gujerati and Punjabi.

The attempts, probably successful, by sections of Fleet Street to rubbish the report in advance of publication pander, especially in the *Mail*'s case, to the deeply held fear of many people that the blacks and Asians are about to take over and, watch out, soon little Johnny and Sarah will be speaking Urdu and demanding curry for tea.

They also serve to give the impression that the Swann Committee is suggesting something radical, even revolutionary. This is not the case. Many of the recommendations that will be made are sensible educationally, as well as socially. There is now ample evidence that mother tongue teaching helps children to develop in English. And only a bigot could object to 'minority' languages being given the same status in the curriculum as French and German.

Equally the report is clearly right to point to the continuing lack of black teachers in positions of authority throughout the education system. There are thought to be two West Indian secondary heads in the entire country (the DES and LEAs do not keep ethnic records), although there are quite a few Asian and black teachers — usually on the lowest grades.

The local education authorities have an appalling record in the appointment of non-white education officers (the people who really run the system). They might well pay lip service

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to multi-culturalism but come the crunch they appoint while males to *all* positions of real power. The Society of Education Officers, the 'trade union' of educational administrators, has 1,300 members, 99 per cent of whom are men, 100 per cent of them white. Practically the only route open to a black teacher wishing to become an administrator is via the inspectorate, either as an adviser or as an inspector proper, with responsibility for multi-cultural education — tokenism at its most blatant. The Department of Education and Science doesn't even bother with tokenism and the only dark faces to be seen at the department's home in Elizabeth House push tea trolleys.

THE SADDEST aspect of the report is that the majority of recommendations have been made time and time again — many of them in the Swann Committee's own interim report in 1981. Of course teacher training institutions need more relevant courses, school assembly must change, the deeply entrenched racism of many subjects must be attacked, more black heads and administrators are essential. All of this was true when the Committee was inaugurated by Shirley Williams and all of it was said then. But little has changed and the report does not attempt to explain why, only saying, correctly of course, that attitudes need to change.

At its weakest, the report perpetuates some of the myths that it is, in another context, intent on exploding. In particular, stress is laid on the cultural and family backgrounds of ethnic minority children, especially West Indians. The racism that results in the absence of any non-whites in positions of real power is largely ignored, for West Indian under-achievement is explained by reference to single-parent families and too strict home discipline.

There is, however, ample evidence that children in Trinidad, for example, brought up in the same matriarchal system do academically rather well and that West Indian children in the United States do much better than indigenous blacks. No attempt is made to explain why this might be so. Nor is much attention given to the problems faced by black children in a city like Liverpool, who tend to do badly at school but whose under-achievement cannot be explained by reference to immigration.

The over-emphasis on cultural factors led to the resignation of two members of the Committee just before Christmas. This was a factor in the delay over publication of the report as one faction attempted, unsuccessfully, to move the 'blame' for under-achievement away from the ethnic minorities themselves and to point the finger at white racism.

Anne Dummett, one of those who resigned, puts it succinctly: 'The problem is that so much time was spent looking at the cultural factors that make ethnic minority children different, family background, whether they are Hindu or Muslim, what food they eat, that little emphasis was placed on the factors within the UK that influence their educational achievement.'

Interest now will be concentrated on Sir Keith's reaction to the report. It is difficult to find a member of the Committee who seriously believes that the government will do more, at best, than pay lip service to the numerous recommendations, even though few of the recommendations will cost any money to implement. The Minister has not shown any great interest in the progress of the committee over the years and his only known statement on matters multi-cultural concerned the desirability of teaching children to be proud of Britain's heritage and past achievements (including the conquest of Asian and African nations and maintenance of colonial power there?).

More education authorities will produce 'statements of intent', more black teachers will be appointed advisers, curricular reform will continue in some schools in some areas and the DES, the Society of Education Officers and other such bodies will continue to proclaim their concern and good intentions. The teacher unions have modified their positions over the last couple of years and have belatedly come to accept that racist attitudes and practices do appear in school — in due course they might get round to appointing black officials and electing black teachers on to their executives. But in the absence of any positive government lead it is difficult to see any fundamental changes for the better emerging from the Swann Committee's five years of deliberations. □

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CRISIS MANAGEMENT

Camera Press

In the most recent use of the Prevention of Terrorism Act (PTA), Dr Marie O'Shea was detained for five days and allowed no contact with family, friends or lawyer. Here, Labour MP **Clive Soley** *(pictured) takes up the argument for the repeal of the Act. He resigned as Front Bench spokesperson on Northern Ireland after voting against the renewal of the PTA in early 1982. Some months later he was re-appointed and since then the Parliamentary Labour Party has consistently voted against the Act*

THE PREVENTION of Terrorism Act is one of the most serious infringements of our civil rights. It was passed in a time of great emotional outrage following the Birmingham pub bombings as a response to intense public anger. Time and experience have shown it to have been a dangerous mistake. Between November 1974 and December 1982 5,555 people have been held by the police, of whom 655, or 11.7 per cent, have been charged with an offence. Only 98, or 1.76 per cent, have been charged with offences under the Act.

Those who defend the Act justify the gap between those apprehended and those charged by two arguments. First, they say that it is a deterrent, and secondly they argue that, even if only two or three people are apprehended for terrorist offences, preventing an assassination or a bombing justifies the existence of the Act.

I believe both of these arguments are deeply flawed and dangerous for any democratic nation. The question of deterrence is difficult to prove or disprove, but I find it hard to believe that terrorists or potential terrorists are deterred by the PTA any more than they are by the normal laws of murder, attempted murder, possession of explosives or illegally held weapons. The main additional deterrent in the PTA is the possibility of being detained and questioned for five days, or of being excluded from one part of the UK. Again, I find it hard to believe that these additional powers act as a deterrent. The power of extended detention, though, does provide a way of collecting information. In fact the Act ought to be called the Collection of Information Act. It is used, and probably fairly effectively in this respect, as a way of building up a picture of the activities and contacts of a number of people who are, or are thought to be, close to para-military groups.

Apart from the danger to democracy, such a method has an appallingly high cost in alienating the very people whom the State ought to be winning over. It is not just the innocent detainee who is shocked and disgusted by the process of detention and interrogation, but all their friends and relatives as well. It is worth reminding ourselves that most terrorist groups rely partly on forcing the government to pass increasingly repressive legislation, which enables the terrorist group to present the government as an oppressor of the people, whom they, the terrorists, are seeking to represent. So the liberal reformer poses a bigger challenge to terrorist policy than the excessive use of police and state power. The existence of legislation of this nature undermines those who wish to support the police and the state, and in some cases drives individuals into the arms of the para-military groups.

We should also be wary of arguments that justify the erosion of democracy in order to save life. Such an argument justifies almost any legislation. Four out of ten deaths on the road are caused by the driver or the pedestrian being under the influence of drink — shall we therefore breathalyse everyone who comes out of a pub into a car park? Shall we give the police power to stop any driver or any pedestrian who may be over the limit and remove them from the street? How far do we go in order to save life and at what point do the increased police powers result in a police state which leads only to increasing repression and ultimately even more violence?

THERE IS a problem of terrorism which no one should underestimate. The fight against it has to be conducted at a number of levels. First, there has to be a long-term political solution — though it is not something over which we always have direct influence, such as in the case of the Middle East. But Britain's policy on Ireland has been little more than crisis management; even the Labour Party has only recently thought out a policy for a united Ireland. Second, any legislation should not be enforced in such a way that the group the terrorists are seeking to influence ends up feeling harassed as so many Irish people now feel harassed.

There remains the problem of how we trace and detain those involved in terrorist activity. Clearly there is a need for special branch and security service activity. I don't believe that can be avoided. What matters is that we have such forces under more effective democratic control. It is not sufficient to rely on control by the Home Secretary or Prime Minister. A Select Committee of the House of Commons would be more appropriate.

We should not forget that the power of exclusion in the Act is in fact a power of internal exile. It prohibits, without a court appearance, an individual from moving from one part of the UK to another. That power has not existed in this country since the Middle Ages. This draconian power is often justified by claiming that it prevents the person engaging in active terrorism. But even assuming guilt, an identified terrorist is about as useful as an identified spy. The argument for covert surveillance with a democratically accountable special branch and security service is a far more realistic and more acceptable way of dealing with such a situation.

The PTA is, along with the EPA in Northern Ireland, the pinnacle of the anti-civil rights legislation that we have allowed to creep onto the statute book in recent years. Established democracies are rarely lost in some overnight coup. First, there is a slow but steady erosion of the civil liberties that society has built up over the years. Each erosion appears reasonable in itself, but taken together they pose a terrible threat to democracy. Then comes the real crisis — perhaps an economic one of mass unemployment or hyper-inflation or perhaps the fear and threat of war. Then all the civil rights which were there to protect the democracy prove too weak to stop the authoritarian leader. Britain is an old-established political democracy that has gone dangerously far down that road. It is not too late to turn back. □

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LAW

REMOVING A BASIC RIGHT

Andrew Nicol argues against a proposed change

ADMINISTRATION of Justice bills usually provoke more yawns than passions, but in amongst the tinkering with 'lawyers' law' important issues of principle often lie. This session's bill will get most attention because it breaks solicitors' conveyancing monopoly.

Tucked in as Clause 43, though, is a drastic and unjustified curtailment of the rights of immigrants and others to challenge the legality of government decisions. These challenges are made by a procedure known as 'judicial review'.

The rules for bringing these proceedings are more restrictive than an ordinary claim. Creditors, for instance, can wait up to six years before suing their debtors in court, but a person complaining of an unlawful government decision must normally go to court within three months. Creditors can start court action as a matter of right, but the doors of the court don't swing open automatically for those seeking judicial review. They need to get the leave of the High Court. Currently, if the High Court refuses leave, the applicant can appeal to the Court of Appeal. Clause 43 would take away this right of appeal.

Rights of appeal are so important that they have been taken for granted. It was obvious (or so we thought) that judges can make mistakes. The High Court should only refuse leave if the case is hopeless, but a number of significant cases damned as hopeless by the High Court have been found by the Court of Appeal to be not only arguable, but right.

In one case, the High Court refused to allow a schoolboy to challenge his exclusion from the UK. The immigration officer had said that his ambition to go to a British university when his schooling ended made him ineligible to enter the country. The Court of Appeal said that the immigration officer and the High Court were wrong and ordered that the boy be given permission to come into the country. Without the right to go to the Court of Appeal, he would have been wrongly excluded and the Home Office would have continued to apply a bad and wrong interpretation of the Immigration Rules.

It is axiomatic that even senior judges make mistakes. One of the High Court judges in the student case was Lord Justice Donaldson, who is now head of the Court of Appeal. Since he took up his new job he has made no secret of his desire to speed up the judicial system. Many suspect that Clause 43 is part of this campaign.

Its genesis is something of a mystery. There had been no public clamour over appeals of this kind. There was no evidence that the right was being abused. Since only a handful are taken each year, they make no significant contribution to the workload of the Court of Appeal. Before procedural changes like this are made, there is normally consultation. But, this time, no views were canvassed. The proposal was not put to the Law Commission, nor the Bar, nor the Law Society. A large number of applications for judicial review are made by immigrants, who frequently have no other means of challenging Home Office decisions before they are implemented. Again immigrant rights groups were not consulted.

Instead Clause 43 was included unannounced in a bill which was published on the last day before the Christmas Parliamentary recess. Its second reading debate was held in the Lords on Tuesday.

Lord Elwyn-Jones, the former Labour Lord Chancellor, repeated the opposition which had been expressed by the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants and the Immigration Law Practitioners' Association and the editors of the magazine *Public Law* in a letter to *The Times*. He was supported by Lord Rawlinson, a former Tory Attorney General, who said that a search for speed and efficiency should not be an excuse for taking away the 'essential and very popular rights of individuals'.

Lord Hailsham seemed rather peeved that Clause 43 had attracted so much attention. He hinted that the government might change the Rules of Court so that disappointed applicants for leave can appeal to a three judge Divisional Court of the High Court. These carry more weight than single judge courts, but they still do not have the same status as the Court of Appeal. Besides, Rules of Court can be changed more easily than legislation. Immigrants and others who depend on the judicial review procedure should keep their Parliamentary guarantee of a right of appeal. □

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AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK. . .

The miners' strike has produced a rush of 'benefits' to raise money and morale for them. But do the organisers of the events have any idea of what they're doing? Benefit performer and socialist conjuror Ian Saville pulls some ideas out of the hat

IT WON'T be like this after the revolution. I console myself with this thought as I prepare my props for another miners' benefit — publicised only, it seems, in the agitation column of a London listings magazine (and there is appears on the wrong date). I begin to wonder about the purpose of the current profusion of benefits. Are they a ritual, a sacrifice of performers to appease a socialist god? Or are they real attempts to raise money?

Some, of course, do raise money, and the

Illustrated by Colin Wheeler

spirits. But the other sort, not benefits but deficits, get performers' hackles up, and make them slam down the phone on the next campaign. Why this should happen when benefits have an obvious financial head start is not immediately clear. The consensus in dressing rooms (on the odd occasion when there *is* a dressing room) is that more thought goes into a show that has to recover the cost of fees. 'And', performers will mutter in a mixture of sorrow and anger, 'you get better treated when you're being paid.'

So, in the knowledge that many benefits organisers have never before put on a show, and in the hope that mistakes can be avoided, here is my five point plan for organising the perfect (or as near as you can get) event, as well as a few nightmares-I-have-known. Only the names have been omitted to protect the embarrassed.

Booking a hall. Take into account public transport, cost, suitability of lighting, seating and other facilities, and size. It's usually true that the bigger the hall, the less you can charge for tickets, *as long as you are certain to fill, or nearly fill the place*. This will require some work, so make sure someone is solemnly committed to doing the publicity. Taking the work on 'if they can find time' will lead to disaster.

NIGHTMARE

You arrive ahead of the organisers, and are led up three flights of stairs to a grim room. No stage, no lights, just peeling mauve wallpaper. You speculate that the reason your friends in the area hadn't heard about the event may be that the organisers were aiming to discourage people. The room will hold about 40 people. Against all odds the evening is pleasant, the people jolly. But at the end no more than £50 has been raised — the maximum possible, given the space. You begin to calculate the number of hours work put into this benefit, to get some idea of the return per hour per person, but abandon the calculation as you realise it's only going to depress you further.

Entertainers. A varied bill is the conventional wisdom, and you should think about the balance of men and women. All-male bills are too common. Don't have so many acts that some end up travelling long distances and performing for five minutes, or having to be cut as others over-run. If there's a time limit, let acts know beforehand. Contact them well in advance and explain what the benefit's for, but be prepared for a refusal. Some people just don't do benefits, others get asked so often that they have to sort out their priorities, if only so they can earn enough to stay alive. Confirm bookings in writing with all the relevant details.

NIGHTMARE

You have travelled 100 or so miles to a benefit, and are greeted by an organiser. After discussing the space, you casually inquire about where to find your bed for the night. Suddenly, the organiser has to go, but he mumbles not to worry, somebody is dealing with it. During the course of the evening the organiser comes up to you six times and assures you that there's no problem about accommodation. The increasingly desperate tone of these unsolicited declarations has the opposite effect to that intended, but you push all unease to the back of your mind. At the end of the evening, having packed away all your equipment, there are only three people left in the hall, none of whom knows where you're supposed to be sleeping. (This situation was resolved for me by one of the people kindly taking me home and finding me a bed. My friend went to the place she was told she'd be staying at, found nobody in, and had to drive all the way home.)

News of the performance needs to reach not only the local party/branch/campaign activists, but even those who will only support your cause with an entrance fee. I have only at third hand the story of a musician who couldn't perform for one Trotskyist organisation because, 'for reasons of security', they wouldn't tell him the venue in advance, but the story has a ring of credibility. Advertise not just to the faithful who read the agitation columns, but to those wayward souls who consult music, poetry and cabaret listings before deciding where to enjoy themselves. Not to mention local papers, local radio, television and anything else that'll inform. I *know* they're the capitalist media, but even people who don't come to the benefit will then have heard about the campaign.

Don't rely on just flyposting or handing out leaflets. Sending publicity to specific groups or organisations is more effective, and if you can get your leaflets included in the mailings of local organisations that can be more effective still.

Do I need to mention putting the date and day of the week prominently on publicity, as well as the correctly spelled names of all the acts? I've known both mistakes occur — and it's particularly galling to performers when they do a benefit and find they aren't even mentioned in any publicity. 'If they don't believe I'm likely to attract an audience', they think, 'why have they asked me to perform?' Back to empty ritual.

NIGHTMARE

You reach the middle of your act, when an aging punk stands in front of the stage carrying a dog. 'I don't like you' says the punk 'and my dog . . . my dog is gonna suss you out!' Punk falls over in indeterminate stupor, and dog barks at intervals through the rest of the act. (This wasn't so bad for me, as my act is supposed to be funny. Julie Christie might have had difficulties.)

Economics. The purpose of the evening is to make money, though of course you want people to enjoy themselves along the way. Charge a realistic price for tickets, with a big differential

for the waged and unwaged if necessary. Don't forget about raffles, auctions, collections and other stunts, which often raise more money than the tickets. On the other side of the economic formula, don't pay some acts and not others, as this makes for bad feeling (especially among those who aren't paid). If you offer to pay everyone, but some waive their fees, that's a different story. You should pay performers' expenses — that includes the cost of getting to and from the performance in reasonable comfort, and the extra cost of food and drink if the performers will have to eat out.

Facilitate the best possible performance. It shouldn't be an obstacle race which only the

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loudest can win. Cut down on extraneous noise, including noise from the bar. Any section of the audience that can't see the performers will probably speak among themselves, and if you turn up the microphone they'll speak louder. Arrange things so that attention is focussed on the acts, and members of the audience aren't likely to be wandering around the performance area. If you have a Public Address system make sure someone who is familiar with its idiosyncracies is on hand, or that it is tested in advance.

NIGHTMARE

You arrive to find the hall strewn with electrical equipment. People are frantically plugging and unplugging, jacking and socketing, in an attempt to get the PA to work. It has been got cheap from somebody who at this moment is performing Starlight Express. *You, the conjuror, are the only person with a screwdriver, and it is pressed into service, constructing a new system from other parts. By the time it's working the audience has been waiting an hour.*

Find out about performers' sound, lighting and space requirements. Take these into account when working out the running order, so as to cut down on unnecessary gaps where stage and seating are shifted. Make somebody responsible for greeting the performers and telling them where they can change and set up etc. Arrange help to get equipment in and out. Have somebody prepared to introduce the acts, say anything that needs saying, announce intervals, raffles and forthcoming revolutionary actions.

NIGHTMARE

You find yourself on a stage in front of hundreds of strangers who are not taking a blind bit of notice. The setting is a long, narrow room with a bar at the back. (A variation which occurred to a female singer finds you struggling, and just managing, to be heard, when a group of feminist morris dancers (bells, sticks, music etc.) start performing in an adjoining room.

The super observant may have noticed that the initial letters of the above headings spell 'benef'. What, you may ask, about 'it'? I could say that 'it' is some sort of magical ingredient that makes the event a success. But it's *not* (and I should know). Just be aware that it's going to take some hard work. □

Last Friday the Miners Defence Committee set up an entertainers and artists group to co-ordinate benefits and compile a directory of those willing to perform. Their next meeting is on 22 January at County Hall, London SE1 at 7.30. For queries about benefits, ring CAST on 01-487 3440.

TV listings up for grabs

John Ellis

THE OFFICE of Fair Trading gave magazine publishing a magnificent Christmas present this year. It condemned the monopoly exercised jointly by the BBC and ITV over advance publishing of full programme listings. In doing so it opened up the huge market of the *Radio Times* and *TV Times* (combined sales over 6.5 million a week) to all comers. Any existing publication can now list the full week's TV programmes, and new TV listings magazines will undoubtedly appear. But their interest is likely to be less in promoting a more informed interest in TV than in the advertising potential of a new mass market. That would be bad news for TV and print journalism.

The *Radio* and *TV Times* have not set a high standard. The *TV Times* is an unhealthy mixture of gossip about the stars, competitions and advice columns, a weekly version of the *Sun* toned up for family consumption. The *Radio Times* is more in the *Daily Mail* mould, a tabloid struggling out of a *Times*-shaped cocoon. Neither bothers to promote a wider appreciation of television. The *TV Times* seems incapable of even understanding what Channel 4 is. Advertisers, however, love them: they are the last mass market family print publications: a vital medium for selling fast food and loose covers.

Theirs is a monopoly not wisely used, but lucrative. Its passing will not be mourned by the public, as they are a particularly unwieldy way of finding out what is on television; nor will they be by broadcasters — yet. For up to now the challenges to their monopoly have came from an interesting direction. During 1982, the *Sunday Times* magazine developed a central pull-out section devoted to a day-by-day preview of selected TV programmes. As it developed, it became more exhaustive. Then, with the launch of Channel 4 that autumn, the London listings magazine *Time Out* published a chart showing all the week's programmes on all channels every evening.

The owners of *Radio Times* (the BBC) and *TV Times* (a consortium of ITV companies) took *Time Out* to court for breach of copyright. And £150,000 in costs later, they won. The judge, obviously not a reader of these magazines, decided that 'skill and judgment' went into the creation of these listings, so therefore copyright could be deemed to be vested in them. But as programme producers routinely have the experience of seeing what they write in the forms for *TV Times* listings appearing word-for-word on the pages, this judgment seems a little far fetched. Surely copyright cannot lie in the labour of pasting together pre-existing pieces of copy into an order already laid down by a broadcasting organisation's schedule? But then copyright, the twentieth century's *Bleak House*, is a strange legal entity.

The copyright decision put the brakes on an interesting journalistic experiment: the detailed and critical look at the week's TV informed by the editorial standpoint of two journals whose standards and audiences differed enormously from those of the two listings monopolists. For a brief moment, the kind of programmes that are not routinely promoted by *TV Times* or *Radio Times* were able to be put in touch with their core audiences.

The copyright decision is still in force, so any magazine that accepts the Office of Fair Trading's kind offer will still have to pay some kind of royalty to the *TV* and *Radio Times*, which will still exercise control over the market. Reluctantly, I have to say that this may not be such a bad thing. For it is clear from the experience of countries where there is no such monopolistic arrangement (i.e. everywhere except Britain) that free competition between listings magazines has little to recommend it.

Pocket guides are the standard format. In the USA, the proliferation of cable has given them up to 40 channels to list, so they carry little apart from the titles of shows. The French *Télé-Guide* provides far fewer details and feature articles than our monopolies, and that for only three channels. But France also had *Le Monde*'s weekly leisure supplement, with a big TV section, providing listings and a detailed assessment of programmes of interest to its particular readership. Weekly TV listings within publications with an already-defined readership of their own are a definite advantage to all concerned. A further development of the compendious-but-vacuous style of *TV Choice* is not.

Radio Times and *TV Times* could use their copyright to prevent the development of the latter approach. But they would be up against powerful mass market publishing interests who have their eyes on a lucrative advertising market. Rupert Murdoch was probably using the *Sunday Times* listings experiment as a way of breaking the listings monopoly — and he was certainly in contact with *Time Out*'s publisher Tony Elliott over the copyright case. Robert Maxwell knows the *Radio Times* operation from the inside, as his BPC prints it. His ambitions extend into cable TV, and cable programmes will need all the hype they can get. So any Maxwell listings magazine is bound to have definite editorial priorities. Since the BBC and ITV have not used their monopoly particularly wisely in the past, will they suddenly decide to develop and sustain good TV journalism now? □

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DIARY

It's fascinating how the 'enduring' aspects of national character can change so fast. Perhaps they only do so at historic moments of transformation, such as the one Britain is living through now. Once it was the essence of Englishness to be an amateur and a gentleman. Now the stereotype leaves Colonel Blimp to inhabit Special Agent James Bond, as the English soul transmigrates under Thatcherism. Personally, I abominate both ideals. But I welcome one recent change in what it means to be 'British'. Reading the new *Social Trends*, which HMSO published last week, I was reminded of a passage in that wonderful compendium of Sir Ernest Barker's, *The Character of England*. It was published in 1947 and its 600 pages of essays summarised what might be called the post-war national-popular patrician world view of the time. In a lyrical chapter on the unique characteristics of the English abode, we are told about 'the two essentials of a home; a wife and a fire . . . The fire is easy enough to understand; the mention of central heating coincides with the decay of the home'. Today 64 per cent of all households, nearly two out of every three English homes, are thoroughly corrupted by central warmth. This is good news.

○

Other forms of modernisation are simply pathetic; *The Times*, for example. I was amused to watch its recent bicentenary television puff. Every time its editor Charles Douglas-Home appeared, I recalled the reported remark for which he will be longest remembered: 'I'd do anything to be editor of *The Times*'. It was particularly interesting to see him in a chair. For it's rumoured that he conducted his early editorial meetings prostrate on the floor, with his deputies standing clustered around him. Apparently the price for his accession set by the new proprietor was that he surrender his backbone.

○

It was really an anti-anniversary as *The Times* proclaimed that it was no longer the same. I'm glad it's not, but I think they should change the name — *The Daily Portfolio* would be suitable. It struck me that they couldn't relate their change to their past. Many on the Left still confuse excellence with elitism and scorn or fear the former as 'bourgeois', thus showing themselves to be idiots. I had not realised that the same confusion inhabits the Right. Of course *The Times* should abandon its Establishment snobbery. But excellence in news coverage and high standards of reporting can be maintained. So it was interesting to see how the new boys confuse the best of the past with the worst, as both are junked.

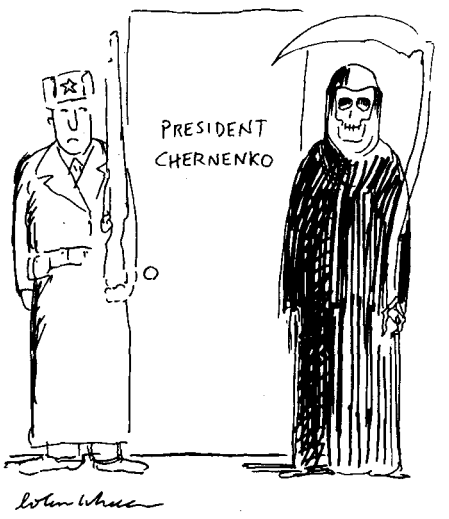
○

By contrast, the *Guardian* celebrated an authentic anniversary of much greater interest than Sir Rupert Douglas-Levin's. Bill Webb has been its literary editor for 25 years. His reflections set off lots of my own. I was surprised by his vivid description of the radical emancipation felt by his generation with *Lucky Jim* and the 'Movement' in the '50s. I enjoyed his account of first reading Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* — the novel that conducted me out of an over-protracted adolescence. Major American literature, Webb recalled, was perceived in '60s Britain as an exemplary powerhouse of the imagination, but it has declined now into a sideshow of mostly junk prose. It's rare to find a newspaper article that says things you had felt but not fully realised. At any rate I once used to look across the North Atlantic for 'major fiction', but realise that I do so no longer. What America does remains decisive, but what the US thinks and feels seems now to be of little cultural interest. I'll be going there next month to check it out.

○

My main quarrel with Webb was the way he elevated Craig Raine as *the* new poet of our time. Raine is more than good, and every time I clean my baby daughter's bum, my sticky fingers send him a poetic wave of thanks. However, the new role of poetry is more important. With his usual perceptiveness, John Berger argued this three years ago:

> The future cannot be trusted. The moment of truth is now. And more and more it will be poetry, rather than prose, that receives this truth. Prose is far more trusting than poetry; poetry speaks to the immediate wound.



What I find especially invigorating about the current renaissance of poetry is the great variety of voices and talents that it embraces. It is important not to force poets into being either artists of genius or quite insignificant. This was done to painters with disastrous results. *Among* our wealth of poets, then, a special mention must be made of Tony Harrison. For the first time, English working-class experience has been given a voice of confident intelligence, totally literate yet without any of the familiar emotional awkwardness of elitism; in his poem 'The Queen's English', for example.

○

We — we on the Left that is — are too prone to guilt: to internalising defeat as shame. I refer to the sense of the 'loss of the future'. It is not just our fault. Webb centred his piece, for example, around Prague. In Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in Chile under Allende a democratic future was being born, free of primitive scarcity. But both were 'backyard' socialisms, and each was destroyed — invaded, destabilised — by their respective big house. A future of hope was thereby *taken* from us. The process continues. I was glad to see that Neil Kinnock celebrated the spirit of pluralism in Nicaragua. But a protracted siege and strangulation of its economy will probably asphixiate democracy there, too, as it necessitates the militarisation of poverty. It is all very familiar. One can already hear the Right rehearsing its cynical crocodile act: 'It is a great tragedy that there is no longer democracy in Managua (Ho, Ho, Ho), but it just goes to show how naive you were to be taken in. The Contras were the goodies after all (Hee, Hee)'. Nor is this just a foreign process that takes place thousands of miles away from us. Here at home, the present government is engaged in an Operation Santiago against the GLC. A slow legislative Chile that will, if successful, expunge a fledgling local democracy, one that has shown how political life can be popular outside Whitehall. And this theme will be taken up from another angle at the important one-day conference on secrecy at the ICA this Saturday.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Rate-cap Music

(after 'Bagpipe Music' by Louis MacNeice)

Four hundred arts organisations, including the English National Opera, the National Theatre, the London Festival Ballet and London orchestras, are facing possible extinction because of cuts caused by the government's rate-capping programme.

It's no go the concert-hall,
It's no go the opera,
All they want is a darkened house
And a corpse cut up by a doctor.
Their pockets are filled with lumps of lead,
Their boots are made for kicking,
Their hearts are lined with frosted glass
And their heads with metal sheeting.

It's no go the council grant,
It's no go the players,
All they want is a nation starved
And robbed of its eyes and ears.

It's no go the soaring voice,
It's no go the dancers,
Say goodbye to the living stage
And the life that art enhances.
The pound is falling hour by hour,
The pound will fall forever,
But if you break their bloody necks,
You won't destroy their ledgers.

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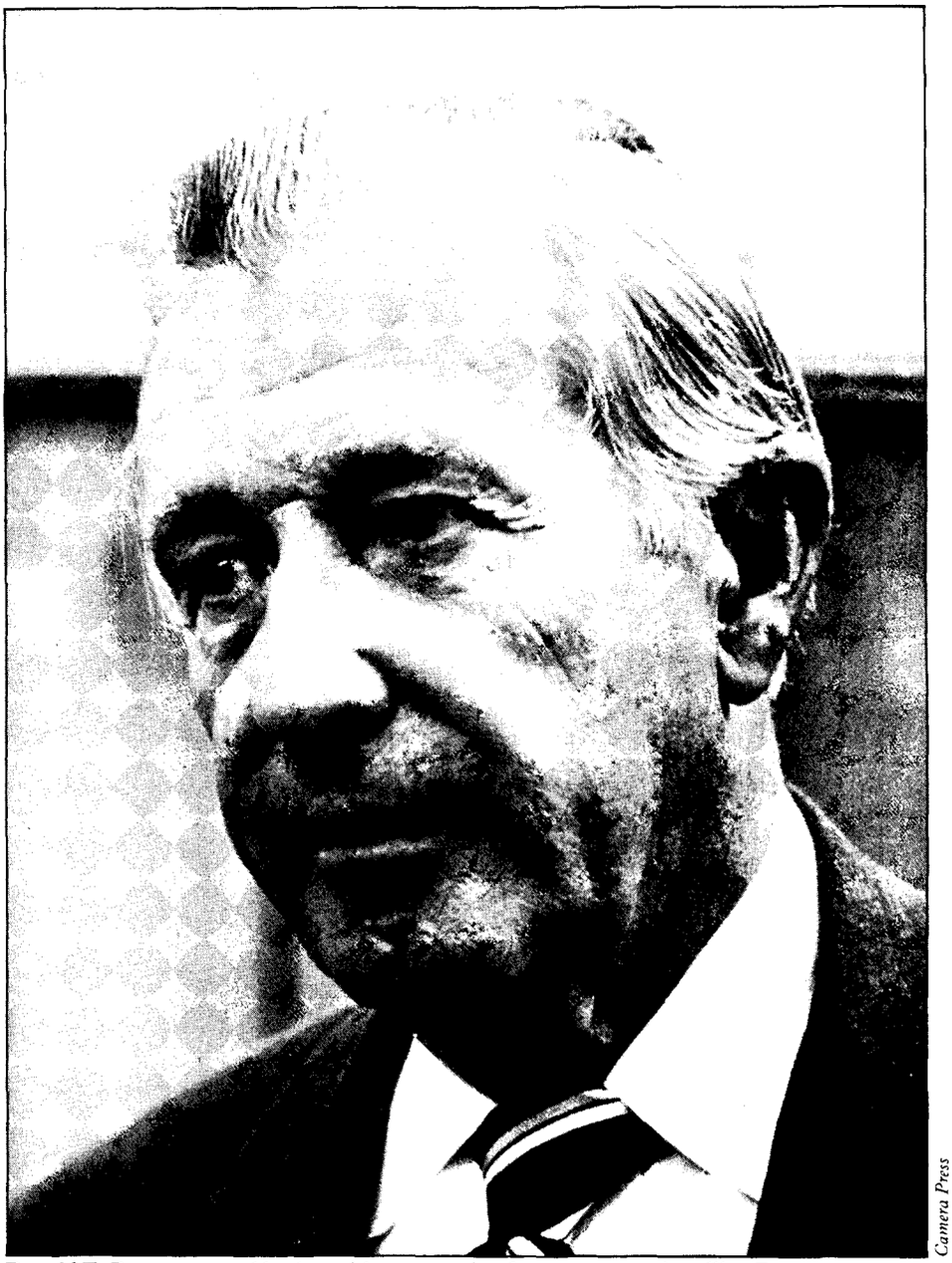
DONALD REGAN AT THE HELM

As President Reagan settles down to his second term, there has been a reshuffle of jobs at the White House. Claudia Wright says that this will make Donald Regan the most powerful Chief of Staff ever



Camera Press

Donald T. Regan: ex-stockbroker with a reputation for competence in selling Reagan

Washington

AT THE BEGINNING of his Administration in 1977, President Jimmy Carter told his staff that he wanted to reorganize the White House so as to eliminate all vestiges of what was then called 'the imperial presidency'.

He would have no omnipotent Chief of Staff standing guard at the Oval Office, as with his two predecessors, Presidents Nixon and Ford. As symbols of the President's political arrogance, or his ineptitude, the post was to be eliminated from the White House organization chart — just as the names of H.R. Haldeman and Alexander Haig, Robert Hartmann and Donald Rumsfeld (respectively, Nixon's and Ford's Chiefs of Staff) — had passed into political history. Nor, said Carter, would he tolerate a National Security Adviser as a substitute for the President in foreign policy, as Henry Kissinger became for Nixon; or an Economic Adviser in domestic policy, as Alan Greenspan was for Ford.

For a brief period Carter endeavoured to make doubly sure of his own command of the White House and government by having his staff prepare detailed assessments of the performance of his subordinates in the first ten major decisions of his presidency. Confronted by evidence of manipulation by his leading advisers, Carter was advised to scrap the National Security Council staff, then headed by Zbigniew Brzezinski, and abolish the Council of Economic Advisers, chaired at the time by Charles Schultze. These men fought back: Carter quailed and abandoned the substance of command for the appearance of it. The powerful White House Chief of Staff re-emerged (Hamilton Jordan) and Brzezinski remained — the two of them to do more to ensure that President Carter only had one term in office than anyone else in his Administration.

Confident and relaxed as he begins his second term — his grey hair at last allowed to show through, like his wife's penchant for fur coats — President Reagan has stumbled into a reorganization of the White House that will concentrate decision-making power in a way that is without precedent in the modern presidency. In accepting as his new Chief of Staff Donald T. Regan, the wartime marine colonel and long-time employee of the Merrill Lynch Wall Street brokerage house, the President has made a unique decision, divesting himself of such residual power as he actually exercised in his first term. As Chief of Staff, Regan will not share power with anyone — as his predecessor, James Baker, was obliged to do with Edwin Meese, Michael Deaver and, while he was National Security Adviser, William Clark. Donald Regan will have little competition from Clark's insecure successor, Robert McFarlane, nor from Larry Speakes, the weakest man to occupy the White House press secretary's job since Nixon's Ron Ziegler.

Since President Roosevelt's Harry Hopkins and President Eisenhower's Sherman Adams, there have been other White House Chiefs of Staff as powerful as Donald Regan will be. But for them there was this difference: they served Presidents who read their papers, understood the government bureaucracy, were experienced in warfare, and in touch with the outside world. President Reagan by contrast has relied entirely on several circles of aides, friends and political financiers to cue his lines, entrances and exits. Now only a handful of the financiers, known as the Kitchen Cabinet (see *NS* 18 June 1981), remain; the others have died. The aides are leaving the White House to enlarge their personal fortunes and the friends will not longer be close enough to help him much. With Michael Deaver, the White House media manipulator, gone, there will be even less of the *appearance* that the President is in charge. Deaver was also Mrs Reagan's confidante, so Nancy's powers of intervention will become as limited as her understanding of what is going on.

IN 1980 Donald Regan, a Massachusetts Irishman with Harvard finishing, was the President's third, or possibly fourth, choice for Secretary of the Treasury. William Simon, who held the job in the Ford Administration, took himself out of the running by demanding an

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Both photos: Camera Press

Weinberger (left) vs Shultz (right): so long as they stay put, so will US policy

independence of the White House that he hadn't had before. Walter Wriston, head of Citibank, reportedly also turned down the job.

Donald Regan's career at Merrill Lynch began in 1946 and ended only in 1981 when, having wrapped up his assets in a 'blind trust' and forsworn any decision directly affecting his old firm, he was confirmed in his Treasury post. While it is said in Washington that Donald Regan is quick witted — quick and witty, that is, by contrast with his stolid friend, the Secretary of State George Shultz — what drew the support of the US Senate at Regan's nomination hearing was his display of modest right-wing prejudice and 'common sense'. Among the chestnuts he offered the Senators was his assessment that lagging investment in the US was in part the consequence of an accumulation of 'unproductive assets mandated by Federal regulation'. A probe for his views on 'supply-side' economic theory produced the judgment that 'just plain old reason as a businessman leads me to think that if you allow people to have more of their own money, and take less of it out in the form of Federal taxation, people are going to do one or two things with that money. One, either they are going to spend it or, two, they are going to save it'.

Whether his large personal fortune has buttressed his confidence, or perhaps the stoicism acquired in 34 years of mounting the Merrill Lynch hierarchy, Donald Regan has managed to preserve a reputation for competence while defending the most preposterous contradictions of the President's economic policies since 1981. He has rejected the connection between the size of the Federal budget deficit and the level of US interest rates, while advocating policies to bring both down in size. He dismissed the appeals of European allies for intervention to halt the slide of their currencies against the dollar, while jumping to the rescue of Continental Illinois and other large and improvident US banks. He has reduced World Bank low-interest loans to the Third World, while liberally refinancing countries like Mexico and Argentina whose debts are owed to American banks. He has allowed US oil companies to squander their assets on corporate takeovers, while protecting them from competition from Third World oil companies assisted by the World Bank. It may be this facility to accommodate intellectually incompatible positions that has allowed his appointment as Chief of Staff to be warmly greeted by the two opposing ideological camps seeking to succeed President Reagan in 1988 — the George Bush moderates and the Jack Kemp radicals. Both appear to think he'll be their man in the White House.

On the question of government refinancing of corporate debt, Regan drew senatorial plaudits for his allusion to international economic experience. He said: 'You know what happened in England as the English tried this idea of trying to subsidize some of their failing major industries. They ended up owning the industries and with socialism'. He added in autobiographical tone: 'I am a free competitive man myself, a capitalist by nature'.

A minor shadow was cast on the proceedings by allegations that Regan may have had a hand in elaborate tax avoidance schemes, known as 'straddles' which Merrill Lynch developed for their wealthy clients. These are book-keeping devices for creating artificial losses one year and converting income the next year into capital gains, which are taxed at lower rates. Regan quickly disarmed criticism, however, by declaring that 'It is a well-known principle in American jurisprudence that a taxpayer has the right, if indeed not the duty, to minimize his taxes. But the principle that is followed is sometimes a matter of opinion between the Internal Revenue Service and the taxpayer as to whether or not this is a legal thing that he is doing'. Regan said no details had been brought to his attention of a case in which it appeared that Merrill Lynch had paid two taxpayers to drop a Tax Court case testing the legality of the straddle.

Foreign policy experts in the Administration and Congress acknowledge that while Donald Regan sat in on a number of National Security Council meetings, they cannot recall a single position he took that differentiated him from the consensus. The two foreign policy advisers he retained at Treasury and may take with him to the White House — David Mulford, a Merrill Lynch executive and investment adviser to the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency (SAMA), and Roger Pajak, a government expert on international arms transfers and nuclear weapons proliferation — might have been targets of attack from Israeli interests for their support of US arms sales to the Arab states. However, there has so far been no hint of concern from Israel's lobbyists at the possibility that Regan might be as jaundiced towards Israel's economic 'socialism' as he has been, through his IMF and World Bank policies, everywhere else in the world.

Nor do Israel's friends appear to be bothered at the possibility that Regan might persuade the President to agree to sell bomb racks for Saudi aircraft or F-16s to Jordan, the items heading Israel's blacklist at present.

SO LONG as George Shultz, Caspar Weinberger and William Casey remain in their jobs at State, Defense and the CIA and retain their principal Assistant Secretaries, the transfer of power from Ronald Regan to Donald Regan will have little practical consequence for the conduct of US foreign policy. There is no sign that the Administration is *genuinely* more interested now in arms control, or any other political agreement with the Soviets, than it was in 1981.

The military agenda is already a full one. The Administration is supporting six major regional wars — in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, the Western Sahara, Cambodia, Angola and Lebanon; seven if Chad is counted — six large counter-insurgency campaigns (El Salvador, Somalia, the Sudan, Sri Lanka, the West Bank/Gaza and the Philippines), holding up several increasingly shaky despots — Ferdinand Marcos, King Hassan II, Augusto Pinochet, Zia Ul-Haq, and Gafaar Nimeiry; and eight destabilization programmes (against Greece, Poland, Libya, Syria, Iran, Cuba, Vietnam and Mozambique). No amount of reshuffling ambassadors or military commanders is likely to change these US commitments or reduce the probability that in one or more of these countries there will be an escalation of US military involvement.

Indeed, more military action may be the only thing that will keep the present foreign and military policy staff at their government posts. By the end of 1985 there will be as many influence-peddlers who have left the government, trading on their Administration contacts, as there will be left inside. By the end of 1986 the Republicans may have lost control of the Senate and be facing an uncertain fight to hang on to the Presidency in 1988. To look after their own long-term financial prospects, the remaining Assistant Secretaries will need to jump ship before the end of this year. The White House will then be a ghost ship with Donald Regan at the wheel. □

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RAKING UP THE PAST

Anne Corbett describes the effect of two legal cases arising from the war on French society and politics today

Paris

THE EXAMINING magistrate in Lyons in the Klaus Barbie case completed his report last week. The trial in on target to begin in November.

Much of modern France would rather not have the trial, which will muddy a comfortable black and white version of history. The Resistance is safely ensconced in school textbooks as a proud moment in French history. Barbie is there as chief villain for his activities as a senior Gestapo officer in Lyons in 1942-44. He is held responsible for 4,342 murders — including that of Jean Moulin, the first person on French soil to put the Resistance on a national footing — the deportation of 7,591 Jews and the arrest of 14,311 'resistants'.

The Mitterrand initiative two years ago to get 72-year-old Barbie back from Bolivia was thus daring in its willingness to raise complicated issues again. In the first place Barbie cannot be tried for most of the crimes which have made him notorious as 'the Butcher of Lyons'. The killing of 'resistants' was never an indictable offence. Torture and other war crimes are subject to a 20-year statute of limitations; and anyway Barbie was tried *in absentia* for some of them in 1952 and 1954. That leaves the 'crimes against humanity': those that the world dare not forgive or forget, defined at Nuremberg as the assassination or deportation of civilians or of others on racist grounds — terrible in their way, but only a small part of the total crimes for which the French hold Barbie responsible.

Forty years later, the examining magistrate has come up with just three such charges from among the dozens that were submitted, which look as if they can be made to stick — the murder of members of the Lyons Board of Jews; the deportion of 55 Jews, including 52 children returning from a *colonie de vacances* and sent off to Auschwitz; the deportation to Auschwitz of 650 people, half of them Jews, by the last train before the Allies' arrival in August 1944 (one was the father of the French Minister of Justice Robert Badinter). The public prosecutor now has to decide whether to accept this choice of charges.

The defence tactics will also serve to muddy the issues. The controversial defence lawyer Maitre Jacques Verges has promised that Barbie will be naming prominent names as having no right to wear their medals for heroism. He will certainly seek to besmirch the dead, primarily the Resistance hero Jean Moulin.

The great unknown is whether the 70 per cent of the population born after 1945 will want to listen again to the vanishing generation of 'resistants' and 'deportees' and the inevitably twisted legal argument. They have already made the distinction for themselves between 'Nazism', as a particular regime, and the German nation as such. They like the Germans (finding that they share cultural interests with them, according to polls, to a greater extent than with, for example, the English). Why rake up the past?

Against this, there is the influence still exerted in French society by the generation — Mitterrand's own generation — which lived the Resistance and deportation and lost many of its comrades. This generation was very young when it rebuilt France in 1945, driving out the collaborators. Forty years on it is still prominent in politics, the civil service and the press — as the generation which stood up for democratic values at great personal risk.

At key moments those solidarities always override political differences. It was no accident that one Liberation anniversary celebration Mitterrand attended this year was at Bordeaux, whose mayor is the former 'resistant' and centre right politician Jacques Chaban Delmas. Nor is it chance that Chaban is one of the rare people to be on intimate 'tu' terms with Mitterrand, rather than the formal 'vous' with which Mitterrand addresses most of his fellow socialists.

IN THE UNEXPECTED surroundings of the magistrates' court at Versailles — more used to petty theft and infringements of the labour code — the power of those shared memories has been demonstrated in another case, where judgement is due this week.

At issue here is the character and behaviour in the concentration camp of Buchenwald of Marcel Paul, a lifelong communist and major figure in the Resistance, who became the leader of the clandestine organisation of French deportees in the camp and survived to become a minister in General de Gaulle's 1945 government. Hassled out of office along with the other communists as the Cold War began to grip, he thereafter devoted himself, until his death in November 1982, to the affairs of his municipality of Sartrouville and the welfare of former deportees.

The association of survivors of the Buchenwald-Dora concentration camp and the national federation of deportees, internees, resistants and patriots brought a libel case against Laurence Wetzel, a history teacher who is also a centre right councillor at Sartrouville, for writing in his local paper that Marcel Paul had become 'part of the integral direction of Buchenwald. He thereby controlled the fate — had the power of life and death — over his comrades. In exercising these functions his priority was the interests of his party'.

Although the charges are trivial compared with those facing Barbie, the range of actors and attitudes is very similar. The presiding magistrate convincingly represented the sceptical public. Wetzel presented himself as

Camera Press

Klaus Altman, a.k.a. Barbie, under arrest in Bolivia before being extradited to France

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the objective seeker after truth. Words very like those he had written could be found in many books, including those by the communist Jorge Semprun.

The drama of the case lay in the living history lesson conducted by the plaintiffs — and in the solidarity of the resistants regardless of their political affiliation. There was Claude Durand, a communist journalist who had been right-hand man to Marcel Paul at Buchenwald; Claude Bourdet, the writer prominent in the non-communist network and newspaper *Combat*; Christian Pineau, the Fourth Republic minister best known to the British as foreign minister at the time of Suez, a sprightly 81 brushing away the magistrate's offer of a chair and suggesting to laughter in court that it was a pity the councillor had not read better books on the camps. He suggested his own.

Then there was Robert Sheppard, son of an Englishman, who from his immense height and with upper class manners (ignoring the magistrate's comment that his remarks were very interesting 'but unfortunately we do not have all week'), argued that the court's time was being wasted on this sort of case rather than one against the prefects who collaborated. One of the most powerful was Pierre Sudreau, another former minister active in Buchenwald's clandestine organisation with Marcel Paul, now mayor of Blois — *not* a communist sympathiser. He had got his young, right-wing council to name a street after Marcel Paul. 'I had to give them a lecture on what it meant to be at Buchenwald and what Marcel Paul had done for compatriots and when they had heard me they agreed unanimously.'

All the witnesses were agreed about a *situation* and a *man*. Over and above the horrors of SS control and the forced labour that killed the majority of Buchenwald's starving inmates, there were the horrors of a total breakdown of 'society'. Inmates were killing each other for a crust of bread. Should they permit that or suffer? The German communist prisoners themselves were the first to try to substitute the 'rule of law' for the 'rule of the jungle' in those aspects of camp management that the SS left to the inmates. But *their* support was exclusively directed towards other communists. It was Marcel Paul who rallied all who were prepared to fight for a *semblance* of civilisation in the camp. When the clandestine structures were in a position to make choices, or rather risk their lives in order to get names taken off death lists, Marcel Paul's influence on the German communists was apparent.

The plaintiff's witnesses were unanimous that the key question was whether the individual was fighting for some social organisation in the camp, as the resistants did, *not* whether he was a communist. 'We would gang up to ensure that criminals and the anti-social types who would not share food parcels were first on the certain death lists,' said Pineau.

The Marcel Paul case makes it easier to understand what is at stake for those who have brought Barbie to trial, knowing as they do that precious myths are bound to be tarnished. In that court room at Versailles those who have lived the unlivable have told their tale. Forty years on, the emotional power of memory can still hold its own against the critical reasoning of historians. □

USSR

POOR OLD JOE

As the 40th anniversary of VE-day approaches, the process of restoring Stalin to a publicly honoured place in official Soviet history continues. Michael Simmons reports

AS REPORTS reach the West that President Chernenko is seriously ill, Kremlinologists begin their usual speculations on who will succeed him. Whoever is chosen, though, is unlikely to upset many of the trends already established in Soviet politics. One such trend will come to a climax when the Soviet people mark the anniversary in May of the end of 'the Great Patriotic War'. This trend has been the gradual rehabilitation of Stalin; it is unlikely to be reversed by a change in leadership because few senior members of the Soviet hierarchy over 60 would be where they are today if they hadn't keep their noses clean in the last demanding years of Stalin's regime.

As early as April 1962, Nikita Khrushchev, the great de-Staliniser, was writing in *Pravda* that 'Stalin was dedicated to Communism with all his being. Everything he did was for Communism.' And that was barely six months after the Generalissimo's body had been less than ceremoniously removed from the Lenin mausoleum to be re-interred in the Kremlin wall. Small wonder that there are Red Army officers who, when Stalin's name is mentioned at present-day reunions, jump to their feet and applaud.

Plans for the anniversary of the end of the war will not have been ruffled by the return of Svetlana Stalin. Neither the defection nor the return has had much impact on the process of rehabilitation. The process so far has neither concentrated on nor wholly ignored Stalin's 'excesses' and his euphemistically named 'violations of socialist discipline'. Thus, Yuri Andropov, in 1982 and in the last phase of Brezhnev rule before he himself took over, could say: 'At one time, there were problems, not simple ones, associated with a departure from Leninist norms. But we have learned the necessary lessons . . .'. That was said after the 76-year-old Foreign Trade Minister, Nikolai Patolichev, who worked and ate and drank with Stalin, had published his memoirs depicting the leader as someone who was much misunderstood, even at times kindly in his disposition to subordinates. Now the newspaper *Sovietskaya Rossiya* has coupled Stalin's name with Lenin's for their 'united and all-embracing devotion' to the cause of 1917.

But the purpose of the rehabilitation is not to condone the man's faults; too many millions are known to have suffered as a result of them. Rather it is to endorse the status quo, to give support to those largely Stalin-picked people who are responsible for it, and if possible to strengthen their position and that of those who will sooner or later succeed them. In doing so, a blessing will be given to a structure which is as much of Stalin's making as it is of anyone else, including Lenin. Why, asked Solzhenitsyn as devil's advocate, was Khrushchev overthrown if it was not in a bid to reinstate Stalinism?

Recent events have manifestly helped the process along. The turmoil in Poland, for instance, led to martial law and so to US-led economic sanctions. These sanctions in turn gave the Soviet leadership an opportunity to throw mud at Western institutions — banks as well as governments — rather as Stalin did when he rejected the Marshall Plan after the last war. The Fortress Comecon mentality, re-iterated this autumn at its executive meeting in Havana, is not so far removed from the fortress way of thinking devised by Stalin in the 1930s for the Soviet Union and extended ten years later to his 'empire' in eastern Europe. The current cold war must also have a familiar ring to Vyacheslav Molotov, who was Stalin's Foreign Minister last time round and who, at 94, has just had his Party membership card restored to him.

Internally, the preoccupation with rooting out corruption and inefficiency, though impossible to bring to full fruition, smacks of a certain present-day incoherent yearning for strong leadership. Stalin paid retainers in sealed envelopes, but this wasn't corruption in the sense of back-handers to factory or department store managers, or even central or local government, which have been regularly uncovered since the exposure campaign gathered momentum under Andropov.

There has been movement certainly in the five years since. On the centenary of his birth, *Pravda* rather cautiously spoke of Stalin as 'a complex and contradictory person'. Not really damning, but another way of saying that although ugly things were going on and although there was extraordinary hardship, nevertheless he was palpably decisive: the economy started moving (however sluggishly) and under *a Plan*; the war effort, after some uncertainties, did get on the road, and it was the Soviet Army which marched into Berlin. Twenty millions did not die in vain — or so it will be construed in the weeks and months ahead. At the same time, the virtues of centralist decision-making will be underlined.

At Gori, where he was born, a couple of hours drive out of the Georgian capital, Tbilisi, they never really let him go. The cottage where his father, a shoe-maker, lived, has had a super-structure built round it making it into a kind of temple. Stalin souvenirs can be bought there — they find their way into Moscow taxi cabs — and pictures of him change hands for about a rouble on the black market. There is quite a benign look about the portraits.

Though many of the camps were closed after the Khrushchev 'secret' speech of de-Stalinisation in 1956, many remain and only a very few of his victims have been rehabilitated. It does not seem likely that the 'terror' will come back; nor will there be fulsome Albanian-type praises. But a way will be found of expressing covert and overt tributes to the man that many in the political, economic and cultural leadership know did a great deal for the 'profile' of today's Soviet Union. They themselves owe much to his patronage. □

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LETTERS

Spare the fertiliser, save the soil

Ann Pettitt, Dyfed, Wales

I am intrigued to notice that the *New Statesman* seems to be giving column space to people who don't just criticise the growing body of argument against further growth of industrial technology, they simply rubbish it. Lately it is issues concerning our food which come in for ridicule. First we have James Le Fanu telling us that 'junk' food is really gourmet stuff and it's all nonsense about the damaging health effects of lots of fat, sugar and additives. Now Peter Forbes (*NS* 14 December) sets out to make all those concerned about traces of poisonous chemicals used in growing our food look silly.

His main point, that it is impossible to grow food without heavy application of herbicides, pesticides and chemical fertilisers, is simply wrong, as a growing body of successful organic farmers and gardeners exist to prove.

But the question deserves more serious treatment because it concerns the fertility of the earth — its ability to go on producing food for the indefinite future. The real organic versus chemical fertiliser argument is about short-term gain in crop yield at the expense of long-term destruction of soil structure. The resulting erosion and decrease in fertility has the most serious implications for Third World farmers. Here the high cost of hybrid seed and the chemicals and sprays needed to grow them successfully pushes small peasant farmers out of business and favours the larger land owners.

This process accelerates the growth of cities crammed with unemployed former peasants, widens the gap between rich and poor and does little to solve the urgent problem of hunger. The only people to benefit from this well documented vicious circle are the large Western companies who increasingly own the means for producing seed, fertiliser, and sprays for weeds and insects. Their interest lies in promoting agricultural policies which 'mine' the soil for quick returns, not careful husbandry with an eye to conservation of fertility.

If the *NS* is concerned that, in developing a critique of industrial technology, we should not jettison babies with bath water, then it should find critics who can present sound arguments based in fact. Of course if Peter Forbes wants to know how he can save himself a pretty penny on his vegetable plot by avoiding all those expensive toxins, all he has to do is send me a SAE and I'll pass on some handy hints about what to do about blackfly, cabbage root fly etc. But I would have thought that most real gardeners are quite familiar with such methods by now.

What's 'natural'?

Peter Forbes, Swindon, Wilts.

In his attempt to understand the Wildean oxymoron, 'All chemicals are natural, even synthetic ones', in my article 'Toxin from a tea leaf' (*NS* 14 December), Sidney Holt (Letters 11 January) suggests that the only sense in which this is true is the trivial one that synthetic chemicals are made from natural elements. Not so. The potential existence of all possible chemical compunds is implicit in the structure of the universe: some chemicals are born 'naturally', others need a chemist as midwife. That some of these artificially induced chemicals are harmful no one would dispute, but in my article I pointed out that many natural substances are also toxic.

Holt accuses me of obfuscation. The article was an attack on the obfuscation of those who preach the slogan natural: good/synthetic: bad. This false dichotomy only serves to hinder the difficult task of discerning which substances really are pernicious.

Tribune home truths

Pat Haynes, London N1

As *Tribune*'s bookkeeper 1969-81 (FoC NATSOPA 1971-81) I found Chris Mullin's 'exposé' (*NS* 11 January) interesting even if deplorable. I would take issue with him because he writes as though the financial situation was a shock to him on becoming editor.

Chris had been on the staff several years and there had been staff and Board meetings with much discussion on finance. He was a supporter of the move to expensive Gray's Inn Road in 1981 with the heavy rent and high rates payable when an alternative was less well-appointed premises in unfashionable but cheap and low-rated Dalston.

We had been offered the fourth floor of the premises of the Agricultural Workers office block. At the time the fourth floor was not rated separately but the fifth floor was. I found out the rateable value of the fifth floor and on offering this intelligence to the then editor, Dick Clements, his immediate response was to say that the fifth floor was larger than the fourth!

If Chris Mullin believed that he would get a year's free rent then he was more gullible than a journalist should be.

Making socialist economics work

Michael Ward, Chair, Industry and Employment Committee, GLC

Mr Jones (Letters 11 January) continues to try to mount a defence of incomes policy — undoubtedly the most divisive and damaging instrument of Labour policy of recent years.

The experience of Labour governments in the 1960s and '70s was that they resorted to incomes policy for much the reasons Jones advocates — to safeguard other economic objectives — and ended up losing these objectives, holding down the incomes of their own lowest paid supporters, and losing power at the next elections.

Against this background Jones hectors me on the question of reality. Having spent the past three years seeking to implement, at a regional level, Labour Party policy on economic planning and investment, I find his lecture unpersuasive.

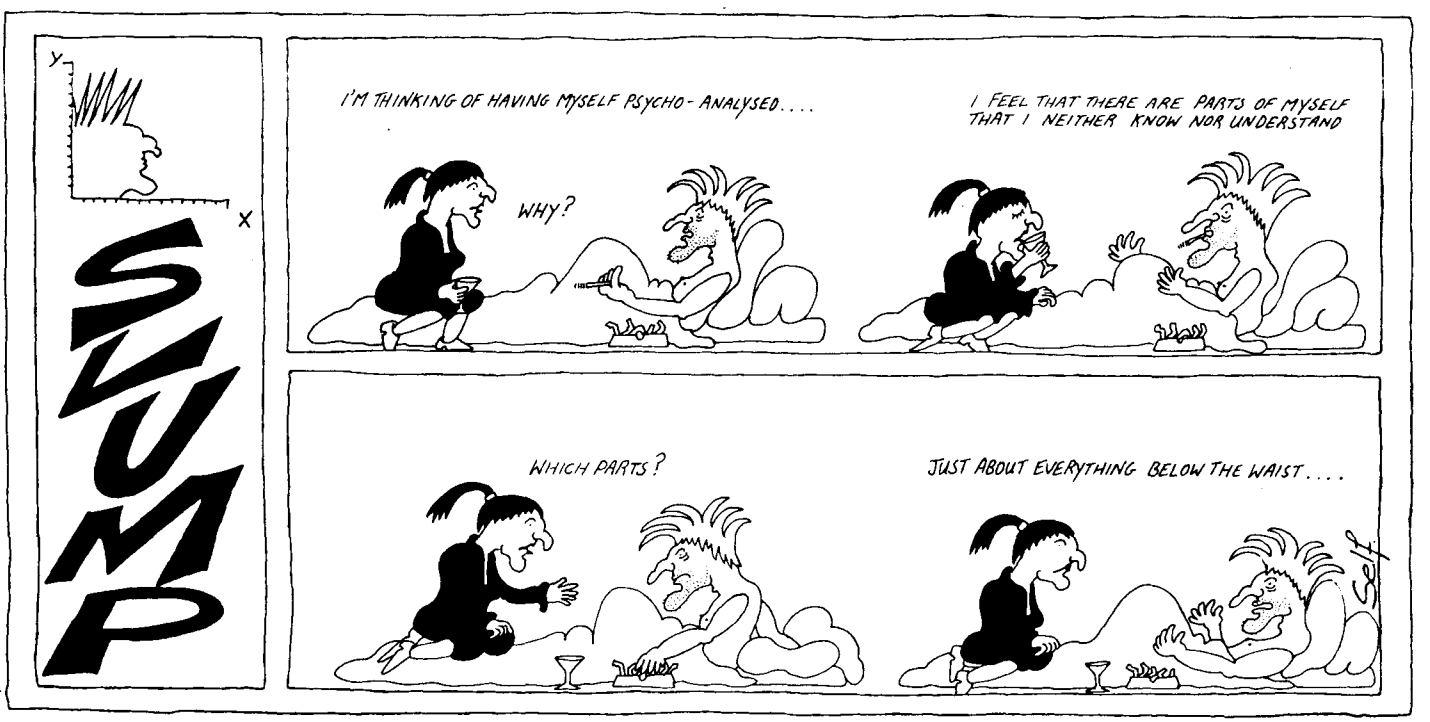
Jones seeks answers to four questions;

1. My model of inflation:

   The key feature of the inflationary period is not wage push or demand pull (there have always been both) but the commitment of central banks in all major capitalist countries to act as lenders of last resort in order to prevent bank crashes.

2. Anti-inflationary policy:

   We have to bring under public control the ▷



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issue of credit which means the public ownership of most of the financial sector, and much stronger regulation of the rest.

3. Growth and employment policy:

There are two main paths to growth. The first is through wage and public spending cuts, capital write-offs, and intensifying the pace of work; the second is through increased productivity based on industrial restructuring, democratic planning and skilled labour. The first has been tried and has catastrophically failed under Thatcher. The second requires major public sector intervention. The work of the Labour Local Authorities in economic policy lays the groundwork for this.

4. Control of profits and investment:

In an era of multinationals, private profits and investments cannot be effectively controlled save through public controls of the key sectors of the modern industrial economy; software, R and D, telecommunications, information processing, major retailing and finance.

The traditional formula that lower wages equals higher profits equals higher investment and more jobs will be wholly inadequate for Britain in 1987. The principal task is to plan the re-construction of job-creating socially-useful industries. That means planning, working with and strengthening the labour movement, not dividing and weakening it through the dead hand of incomes policy.

Infertile debates

Dr James Le Fanu, London W11

Father John Fleming (Letters 4 January) is right. The original claim that *in vitro* fertilisation would permit transsexuals to have children was made by an associate Professor of Obstetrics in Australia. The tenor of my article, however, was to suggest that such claims (and particularly this one) should be interpreted with considerable scepticism and not ghoulishly reiterated in an attempt to frighten people into opposing embryo experimentation.

I did not discuss the moral case against experimentation because it is necessarily weak. In a society that accepts 120,000 abortions per annum, any unique moral objection to scientists performing a few hundred experiments on 14-day-old human embryos will have little credibility. For the public the issue appears to be whether to permit these experiments in anticipation of scientific benefit. That they are unlikely to result in such benefit remains the most powerful argument against permitting them. I fail to see how saying this makes me a 'medieval papalist'.

A damned lie

Geoffrey Grigson, Swindon, Wilts

To say of my book of *Recollections* (*NS* 11 January) that it is 'populated almost exclusively by dead BBC talks producers' is a lie, and one you should have been ashamed to publish, and for which you should apologise.

And a dotty lie.

Information wanted

Graham Taylor, BBC, Broadcasting House, London W1

In the near future I shall be producing a series of Radio 4 programmes on the lives of — among others — Frank Harris, Frederick Rolfe (Baron Corvo), Aleister Crowley, Horatio Bottomley and Annie Besant. I would be very interested to hear from anyone who knew any of these people personally.

FEEDBACK

Should heroin be legalised?

IN HIS RECENT article (*NS* 4 January) Kenneth Leech rightly displayed serious concern about the present state of heroin addiction in Britain, and his attempts rationally to question current policies and attitudes towards the drug and its use are to be welcomed. Nevertheless, Mr Leech's tentative proposals for a return to the 'Rolleston principles', which permitted general and unrestricted prescription of heroin to maintain addiction, are questionable in a number of vital respects.

First, the disease model of addiction central to the Rolleston Committee's recommendations has been serious criticised and rejected. Most authorities no longer accept that drug addiction is a pathological state, nor that the addict has an illness curable through the continued provision of drugs. Nearly all doctors licenced to prescribe heroin do not now do so because they have come to believe that maintenance of an addiction is neither an adequate therapeutic response, nor in the long-term interests of their patients, since the continued provision of drugs encourages addicts to adopt a passive attitude to their own conditions and reinforces addiction where it might otherwise be overcome. If the specialists with long experience in the area are now very reluctant to prescribe the drug, very cogent arguments will have to be put forward before general practitioners are allowed and encouraged to reintroduce its provision.

Nevertheless, it remains possible for legal provision to be advanced as a social policy aiming for a reduction in addict crime and heroin dealing without pretending any medical or therapeutic basis. However, the results and effectiveness of such a programme are not promising. Whereas unproblematic opiate provision and stable maintenance was possible for the old-style 'therapeutic' addicts, who had become addicted either while undergoing medical treatment or through professional access to drugs, this was not so for most of the new addicts who emerged during the 1960s, and it will not be possible either for most of those of today. This is because members of the first group saw themselves as sick and, of great importance, wished drugs merely to avoid withdrawal and were ambivalent or negative towards opiate use for pleasurable ends, while the latter groups generally were and are much more 'hedonistic', using heroin to achieve euphoria or 'highs'.

It is pertinent here to point out that the Rolleston Committee distinguished between addiction where drugs are taken 'for the purpose of obtaining positive pleasure', and, 'to relieve a morbid and overpowering craving'. Its acceptance of medical prescription of opiates applied only to addiction which could be regarded as a 'manifestation of disease and not as a mere form of vicious indulgence'. Ignoring the highly moralistic language, the distinction remains important.

While Rolleston accepted that 'a certain non-progressive quantity, usually small, of the drug of addiction' could be made available to the 'medical' addict with few complications, such controlled prescription, only sufficient to avoid withdrawal, is not appropriate for euphoric users. Limited maintenance prescribing is unlikely to attract many of these addicts, and most of those which it does, as experience shows, could be expected to buy extensive supplementary amounts from the black market. Thus, there would probably only be a minor overall effect on it. This may be worth achieving, but would hardly represent a major reorientation in the scene, and may not justify the efforts required to bring it about.

The only way that any significant inroads could be made into the black market would be through providing addicts with euphoric supplies of heroin, which because of the effects of tolerance would have to be continually increased. The problem with this is that no adequate estimation of what amounts are suitable can be made, and so, within wide limits, if the criminal market is to be destabilised the claims of addicts would have to be accepted and the amount of drugs wanted be provided.

However, evidence from the early 1960s shows us that while generous prescription of heroin (which was incompatible with the Rolleston recommendations) kept the black market at bay, it led instead to the development of a grey one of leaked legal drugs, which resulted in a spread of addiction rather than its containment. It is difficult here to accept Leech's argument that 'While . . . the junkies' doctors fed the illicit market, they also controlled it'.

At present, especially, when small amounts of heroin command still fairly high prices, we could expect extensive leakage from addicts who would be prepared sometimes merely to use some of their legal drugs and sell the remainder on the market, where it would join illegally manufactured supplies and be picked up readily by addicts who reject the prescribing system, non-addicted users, and new users. Not only would this add to the amount of heroin available for users not catered for by the legal supply system, it would probably also lead to a reduction in price, both of which could be expected to result in increased use. It is difficult to conceive of a practical heroin-provision policy which would be effective in substantially undermining the heavy criminal market, while at the same time containing both the amount of drugs generally available and the extent of use and addiction.

A real choice has to be made. We can either accept, as did the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs in its report 'Prevention', controls that 'aim to reduce the number of people who misuse drugs by making it more difficult to obtain them', which involves 'the potential risk . . . that those who nevertheless misuse drugs may come to greater harm than would otherwise be the case', and also encourages a criminally dominated market; or, we can go for a policy involving legal provision, which if it is to be effective in its aims of lessening serious criminal involvement and reducing the harm caused to some users, will probably lead to an extension of use and more addicts than at present. This latter option may in fact prove to be more socially acceptable and realistic than the policy now operating but it is surely one of despair. Any increase in the present type of heroin addiction is clearly problematic and can hardly be considered to be a positive achievement. Any proposals which might lead to this must therefore be considered very carefully.

Ewan MacLean

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Stefano Cagnoni/IFL

BATTLE OF THE BOARD

Last week CHRIS MULLIN described how his appointment as Tribune*'s editor, unregenerately Bennite in those days, upset the Labour Party establishment. This week he gives his view of how two members of that establishment, John Silkin and Lord Bruce of Donnington, tried to wrest back control, and how the staff opposed them*

DESPITE Michael Foot's assurance that we had nothing to fear, the staff of *Tribune* viewed the approach of the shareholders' meeting on 9 December with apprehension. *Tribune*'s moribund shareholding structure left the paper vulnerable to takeover.

The company had been set up in 1937 on an authorised share capital of 1,000 £1 shares. Of these only 423 had ever been allocated. There were 27 original shareholders of whom 18 or 19 were dead. Of the remainder, Michael Foot held 60 shares and Jennie Lee (the widow of Aneurin Bevan) had 60. Another 60 were held by Lord Bruce of Donnington. Of the remaining shares the Labour MP, Russell Kerr, had 10; the former General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers, Jack Jones, had 10; John Platts-Mills QC had 10 and a former Editor, John Kimche, had 5. So far as we could determine, the rest were held by executors of persons long dead.

None of these shareholders had been seen at *Tribune* for many years. The last recorded shareholders' meeting was in 1972, but shareholders had played no active role in *Tribune* for as long as anyone could remember. Yet, in the event of a takeover bid, the only shares we could count on were the 20 held by Jack Jones and John Platts-Mills.

The paper's board had, a month after I became Editor, decided to turn the company over to a friendly society in which readers would be invited to buy shares. The society would be controlled by a committee of management which would consist of representatives of the staff (who already had four seats on the existing board), representatives of the reader/shareholders and a number of distinguished outsiders.

Besides placing the ownership of the paper on a sound footing, the scheme would have the additional advantages of raising some badly needed investment capital and of bringing readers closer to the paper.

The three in the thick of it arrive for a *Tribune* board meeting, 9 December 1982. Left to right: John Silkin, Russell Kerr, Lord Bruce

Precise details of the scheme were still being worked out with the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Once we had the Registrar's approval, we needed to seek final approval for the sale of the company to the Friendly Society from the shareholders. In the meantime capital raised by the sale of shares in the society was to be paid into the bank account of our solicitors.

Fund-raising began in June 1982. 100,000 leaflets were distributed and the response was encouraging. By December we had raised more than £5,000 and by mid-1983, when we were finally forced to call a halt, about 750 readers had purchased more than £8,500 worth of shares. Shareholders in the proposed friendly society included Neil Kinnock.

OUR LEADING article headed 'When will John Silkin speak out?' appeared on 26 November. We did not have long to wait. That very afternoon a messenger arrived bearing an envelope from the offices of Lewis Silkin and Partners, the family firm

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of John Silkin. The envelope contained a statement signed by Jennie Lee appointing John Silkin as her proxy at the shareholders' meeting.

It also contained a letter from Russell Kerr MP nominating John Silkin and Lord Bruce to the board along with three other existing directors. He did not nominate the editor and the three worker directors. Between them Messrs Silkin, Kerr and Lord Bruce had 130 shares. Since we could only hope to raise 20 we were clearly in trouble.

Over the weekend I took soundings from such good friends of *Tribune* as Ian Mikardo, Jo Richardson and Tony Benn. The advice was unanimous: go public immediately. I then rang the chairman of the Tribune Group of MPs, Stan Newens, and asked him for the opportunity to address the meeting scheduled for Monday.

I was not popular with many Tribune Group MPs. Although as the Editor of *Tribune* I had a standing invitation to attend the weekly meetings of the Group, I had only made the occasional appearance, partly because the timing of the meetings — four o'clock on Monday afternoons — did not fit in with *Tribune's* tight production schedule and partly because I was anxious to play down the cosy relationship between *Tribune* and the Parliamentary Labour Party. Nevertheless, I was given a fairly sympathetic hearing at a well-attended meeting.

By the time I emerged from the meeting, everyone knew what was happening for I had left a statement with the parliamentary press gallery, embargoed until the meeting. Since the staff lacked the shares to win a vote at the shareholders' meeting, our only hope was to arouse sufficient indignation within the labour movement to dissuade Silkin from taking over. Messages of support began to flood into *Tribune*, many of them from people who did not support the paper's editorial line.

The publicity also had the effect of forcing Silkin, Bruce and Kerr, to say what plans they had for the paper if they took control. Lord Bruce told the *Guardian* it was 'possible' they would be appointing a new Editor. He said: 'The paper has never fallen into the hands of any ruddy sect. I think it's gone too far in that direction now'. Russell Kerr said on the *World at One*: 'We think that a major sectarian element has entered into the paper ... it is now a Trotskyist publication'.

Our editorial on the day of the shareholders' meeting was signed by every member of the staff. It was headed: 'We shall not be moved'.

The meeting itself was an ill-tempered affair. Silkin began by demanding an apology for the editorial in that day's issue of *Tribune* which described him as 'a rich and ambitious politician'. When no apology was forthcoming he hinted darkly at a libel suit. The only light relief was provided by Russell Kerr who fell asleep during the voting and awoke halfway through the proceedings to find himself voting for me by mistake.

Tribune dispute will end in court

Final shoot-out looms in 'Tribune' power struggle

When it came to the fight-out with John Silkin, the press was generally favourable to *Tribune*

Body blow for Silkin

ANGRY MP OUSTED AS HE LOSES CONFIDENCE VOTE

Silkin loses Tribune control coup

Tribune staff in counter-coup

Possible legal action over shares sale

'Silkin could kill Tribune with law suit'

Silkin and Bruce had initially planned to remove me and all three worker directors from the Board. But Jack Jones made it clear to Silkin that it would not look very good if a Member of Parliament sponsored by the Transport and General Workers' Union was seen to be turfing worker directors off the board. Silkin, Bruce and Kerr went into a huddle in the corner of the room and when they returned to the table they announced they were prepared to accept two worker directors. In the elections that followed, two members of the staff, Sheila Marsh and Sheila Noble — who had each worked for the paper for over 20 years — were re-elected. Myself and the advertising manager, George Hopkins, were replaced by Silkin and Bruce. The four outside directors — Michael Meacher, Jack Boddy, Barrie Sherman and Brian Murphy — were re-elected.

MY REMOVAL FROM the board was widely interpreted as meaning that I was no longer in control of *Tribune*'s editorial policy. But I was still Editor and Silkin's supporters were still a minority on the Board. It was, however, still open to them at any time to call another shareholders' meeting and conduct a clean sweep. We realised that this was what would happen if we tried to transfer the business to the proposed friendly society.

The staff consulted lawyers and were advised that under the terms of the 1980 Finance Act it was possible for the Board to establish an employee share-holding scheme. We were also advised that since only 423 of the original 1,000 shares had so far been allocated, the Board could allocate the remainder among the staff. The staff representatives summoned a special board meeting for the morning of 23 December. Silkin and Lord Bruce sent their apologies.

That meeting was attended by the two staff representatives, our chairman Michael Meacher, and our solicitors Michael Seifert and Sarah Burton. Of the other directors Barrie Sherman was unable to attend in person, but gave his consent to the employee shareholding scheme by telephone during the meeting and Brian Murphy came in later that day and signified his assent by signing the share certificates. Jack Boddy was ill and could not be reached.

Besides approving the staff request for an employee shareholding scheme, the board also awarded me a three-year contract. It then went on to consider applications from nine of the ten staff members for 50 shares each, and promptly issued the share certificates. The staff now had 450 shares between them against the 135 which Mr Silkin and his friends could muster.

That evening, we put out a press statement announcing the employee shareholding scheme and then went home for Christmas to await Silkin's reaction.

A FORTNIGHT later, on 7 January, each member of the staff received a letter from Silkin and Bruce denouncing the employee shareholding scheme as invalid and threatening legal action. At the next Board meeting on 13 January, Silkin and Bruce proposed that the decision to establish an employee shareholding scheme and to award the Editor a three-year contract should be rescinded. By three votes to two, the Board declined.

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Silkin and Bruce then proposed that Michael Meacher and myself meet with himself and Lord Bruce to see if a compromise could be found. If no agreement was reached within seven days, said Silkin, he would take legal action.

Negotiations took place in Silkin's room at the House of Commons. At first they were amicable. It was agreed that my three-year contract as Editor be reduced to one year. Silkin and Bruce then expressed a willingness to accept the employee shareholding scheme in principle, provided the staff signed an undertaking not to use their shares for a period of one year. The staff agreed to this on condition Silkin and Bruce gave an undertaking not to use their shares for a similar period. They declined and the talks broke down.

A few days later, writs were served on the company, on Michael Meacher as chairman, and on each of the nine staff members who had purchased shares in the employee shareholding scheme. The writs called for the employee shareholding scheme to be set aside and sought damages on the grounds that (a) two of the directors should have been disqualified from taking part in the meeting since, as workers, they stood to benefit from the scheme, and (b) that our motives in setting up the employee shareholding scheme were bad.

As the 1980 Finance Act is silent on the subject of motivation, legal action would turn on a judges' interpretation of what was reasonable. Apart from which, the spectacle of a Labour MP petitioning the courts to disqualify worker-directors from taking part in board decisions on the grounds that, as workers, they stood to benefit, is one which all connoisseurs of Labour movement intrigue will savour.

As a member of the Shadow Cabinet, Mr Silkin had helped compile Labour's draft manifesto which said: 'We will bring in legislation to provide, where employees choose, for parity representation between workers and representatives of shareholders on the main policy board'.

Immediately, we set about raising the money to fight Silkin and Bruce. A 'Friends of Tribune' fund was launched by three Labour MPs — Ian Mikardo, Judith Hart and Jo Richardson. Within weeks more than £7,500 had been contributed. In January, Silkin and I both addressed the Tribune Group of MPs after which a resolution was carried calling on him to drop the legal action. One MP told him: 'If you sink *Tribune*, you will never be forgiven'.

Newspaper coverage of the dispute was sympathetic to *Tribune*. (The fight with Silkin was the only campaign I have ever been involved in which has had a favourable press.) The *Observer* published a leading article roundly condemning Silkin. It said: 'The next time he or any of his front bench colleagues chooses to summon up the bogy of the capitalist press, the only proper answer will be a loud and resounding chorus of jeers'.

Even the *Guardian*, after a very confused editorial hitting out at everyone in sight, ended up saying: 'Under a new editor more acceptable to the front bench [*Tribune*] would risk becoming the sort of dependably loyal mouthpiece which few Labour supporters nowadays would cherish'.

We began to get telephone calls from Labour Party members in Mr Silkin's constituency, Deptford, asking what they could do to help. 'Invite me to your branch meeting', I replied. To my astonishment, I received invitations to address seven of the eight branches in Deptford and in due course each passed a resolution calling on Silkin either to drop the writs or stand down as Member of Parliament.

I was then invited — along with Mr Silkin — to address Deptford Labour Party general committee. He spoke, I spoke and then the resolution was put to the vote. By 43 votes to 9, the management committee voted that he should drop the writs or stand down. Five days later a general election was announced. For the time being Silkin was safe, but his reputation was in tatters.

Although we received widespread support within the Labour Party and among Labour MPs, there was an eerie silence from the trade union leaders. When the *Tribune* staff wrote to Moss Evans, general secretary of the TGWU — of which Silkin was a member — we received no reply. When I raised the matter with Alex Kitson, the deputy general secretary of the TGWU, Kitson informed me that he was 'neutral'. The Campaign for Press Freedom, which is heavily dependent on trade union funds, confined itself to anodyne pronouncements urging conciliation on all sides — until its annual meeting seven months later voted through a resolution critical of Silkin.

There was an eerie silence, too, from former *Tribune* editor and Labour Party leader, Michael Foot. Had he chosen to speak out, he could at any time have stopped what was happening.

THE DISPUTE has now dragged on for two years. It soon became apparent that while Silkin and Bruce are not keen to see the legal action reach court, they are not prepared to drop it. Two further attempts were made to achieve a negotiated settlement. One was presided over by Labour MP, Ian Mikardo, and the other by John Jennings of the Campaign for Press Freedom.

Both attempts broke down when it became clear that Silkin and Bruce were not prepared to accept any formula which did not leave them or their friends in control. They continued to suffer from the delusion that they were the only rightful guardians of the paper's tradition.

Silkin and Bruce remained on the Board throughout most of 1983, but made no further attempt to interfere in the running of the paper. In November, they turned up at a Board meeting and unleashed a torrent of abuse, mostly directed against me. Then they announced that they were resigning and stormed out.

Although we succeeded in preserving Tribune's independence, it would be wrong to pretend that Silkin and Bruce inflicted anything other than great damage upon *Tribune's* fragile economy. We had to abandon plans for the Friendly Society and consequently for the autumn relaunch which the new capital would have funded. The £8,500 raised by the time we were forced to call a halt remained in the bank account of our solicitors until August 1984 when we were obliged to offer it back to those who had subscribed.

We have so far spent about £2,000 on legal fees, but we are unable to touch the remainder of the £7,500 raised by the Friends of Tribune until the dispute has ended.

As a result, although we stopped the spiral of decline into which *Tribune* was locked at the time I became Editor, we did not succeed in reversing it. We did, however, produce a substantially better product than had been seen for some years, something even our severest critics acknowledged.

We did so with an editorial staff which at no time consisted of more than four people — one full-time reporter, two two-day a week journalists and an editorial secretary. Anyone falling ill or taking their holiday stretched the system almost to breaking point. In my first two years as Editor, I had just six days holiday. Other members of staff also gave up their holidays.

However rough the going got, I think we continued to uphold the *Tribune* tradition — we provided a platform for all shades of opinion within the Labour movement, including some of our bitterest critics.

Among those who wrote for *Tribune* during my time as Editor were Michael Foot, Neil Kinnock, Roy Hattersley, David Basnett and Sid Weighell. Even John Silkin was eventually persuaded to set out his version of events in our pages. Anyone who felt they had been maligned or misrepresented received a right of reply. When we made mistakes, we owned up forthwith.

We were, in short, the kind of newspaper to which many trade union and Labour leaders pay lip service. Yet my experience at *Tribune* tells me that those same Labour leaders would have about as much difficulty in coming to terms with a free press as, say, Rupert Murdoch. □

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A new psyche

Sara Maitland

Pure Lust
MARY DALY *The Women's Press* £11.95 & £5.95

MARY DALY is probably the most important Radical Feminist thinker around; she is also a writer of flamboyant brilliance — despite the fact that her addiction to alliteration is wearing, she has an unmatched depth of passion, imagination and pure verbal wit. Since *Gyn/ecology*, I have awaited her next book with impatience, despite knowing that I was going to read it with annoyance and worry. Because, after all, I do think she is alarmingly wrong.

In *Pure Lust* Daly takes her reader into that 'background' that she advocated in *Gyn/ecology* (I suspect that people who have read *Gyn/ecology* will find *Pure Lust* more accessible, although it is a complete work). In this 'background' — which she of course sees as the centre point for all truly free women — we learn there are the three Realms for Radical Feminists: Archespheres — where the old phallocentric archetypes/myths are replaced with an even older arch-image, that of the powerful goddess; Pyrospheres — where ethical values are burned away and transformed; and Metamorphospheres — where existential Being (acting) replaces 'Idealist' object-knowing (and verbs replace nouns). Here true happiness can be found — the aim apparently is not to transform society but to create a personal identity that can survive it all.

The method Daly recommends for this journey is a fairly intellectual process of examining and so exorcising the language and myth-structures of male-identified culture, and then learning to stand them all on their heads (curiously Daly remains obsessed by Christian mythology, which she sees as a universally dominant ideology, rather than examining, say, mechanistic causality or scientific objectivity as structuring mythologies). Within the limits of this endeavour Daly is genuinely brilliant. It is difficult to imagine the women who could read this book without feeling a fierce and freeing anger both at the mysogyny of contemporary culture, and at oneself for one's inertia and cowardice. But it is a limited pursuit. Her analyses of Christian Marian Doctrines — the Virgin Birth, the immaculate Conception and the Assumption — which take up a good quarter of the book, are wonderfully incisive, revealing, funny and frightening; but, although she tries to make a case for their central importance in the present oppression of women, I remain unconvinced. Again the last section of the book, where she speaks of lust in terms of desiring happiness, friendship and transformation, are extremely moving; a beautiful combination of teaching and inspiring, theory and poetry — sermons, at the best of that genre. But she is addressing internal states here, not material realities.

This is her problem; Daly does not have much time for material reality (even 'Lust' does not include sexual pleasure). Although she tries to identify Radical Feminism with 'biophilia' and love of 'our mother the Earth', she does not, finally, believe much in materialism or history. She manages, for example, never to look at the fairly central question of how we got into this mess. On the one hand, she alludes to the Golden Age when life was women-centred and everything was fine. On the other she describes the complete control of society by women-hating men; but she gives no hint of an explanation for this violent shift. Nor is she concerned with political change as normally understood; her Liberation is the creation of a new psyche, located outside social process and apparently achievable without any material base. Many feminists would share her concern about tokenism and reformism within the women's movement; but we would still want to argue that actual social circumstances were a crucial part of identity and had to be a part of transformation.

Daly seems to place more importance on the word or idea than she does on the actual object or experience so named. For instance, she speaks as though there were no difference between women's erasure from the records of history, and their erasure from the process which those records describe. This is obviously not so. The connection between the name and the object named is a difficult and complex one; but simply changing the name or — Daly's speciality — recreating a meaning, etymology and space for a word, does not, in itself, change the object named. This excessive evaluation of words enables Daly to dodge material realities. At one point in *Pure Lust* she constructs a use of the word 'species' which allows her conviction that Radical Feminists constitute a *different species* from the rest of humanity; this is a bold claim, but it is also an escape route, letting her off the central inquiry of socialist feminists: how, and to what extent, is gender difference constructed within human society, within historical and material reality; and, thence, how can it be reconstructed, or deconstructed?

In *Pure Lust* Daly makes a revealing claim: she calls herself a Gnostic. Gnosticism was a complex of beliefs but two clear strands were its dualism (that the spiritual and material were separate and unreconcilable) and its élitism (that the holders of an exclusive and arcane intellectual knowledge alone could be saved). Gnosticism was pure metaphysics, unadulterated by material reality. Daly is right in identifying herself with this intellectual tradition.

The problem for those of us whose feminism is rather less high-flown, who see justice and the transformation of actual experience as central to our concern, is to find a way of reading *Pure Lust* which enables us to delight in its brilliance, and be strengthened by its astonishing power, without being seduced into a world view which is finally élitist and apolitical. But it is worth the effort. □

Fine focus

Nicholas Murray

James Joyce
PATRICK PARRINDER *Cambridge* £20 & £6.95

THE DISMAYING comments of 1984's Booker Prize chairman demonstrated once again the continuing uncertainty of Joyce's English reputation. After an initial rapture from the literary modernists, he eventually, as his experiments progressed, succeeded in discountenancing both Bloomsbury *and* Leavis. It was only in the early Seventies that Joyce was finally admitted on to the Cambridge Tripos and Patrick Parrinder was one of those invited by Colin McCabe to lecture there shortly afterwards, choosing as his topic that same rejection of Joyce in England in the Twenties.

Parrinder has now written an excellent full-length critical study of Joyce which puts the emphasis on the later works (he declines to call them novels), *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. The critical technique of offering close readings is a hazardous one which can easily terminate in tedium, redundancy or lifeless paraphrase but Parrinder succeeds in drawing out skilfully the leading themes while marshalling a tactful array of relevant contextual information ranging from the state of the short story at the turn of the century to Freud's theories of anal eroticism. Joyce is a difficult writer and this introduction doesn't shirk those difficulties but in its intelligent lucidity it is an exemplary rebuke to those mannered obscurantists sometimes found in the Joyceian ranks and it will stimulate devotees as well as novices.

Parrinder's central thesis is that the Joyce oeuvre is an art of the grotesque — neither romantic nor classic (in spite of the Homeric underpinnings of *Ulysses*) but, in the words of Mikhail Bakhtin, something which 'can fill the entire universe', a copious Rabelaisian vision, cosmic and universal, where Plumtree's potted meats, Vico and Bruno, the jostling ephemera of the Dublin streets, all manner of bodily

A warning

Denis Knight

In winter the unregarded sea at Brighton
Neatly expels our daily bits of rubbish
To this high tide mark for bored sea-gulls
To inspect, and disapprove of: an expulsion order
Patiently made out, yet with a warning
From the Moon to the isolated race of man
Of other, bloodier banishments to come.

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Richard Willson

functions and secretions mingle in an incrustation of earthy detail. It is a vision, a celebration, as Parrinder puts it, of 'human fertility and succession' that has moved far beyond the priggish aestheticism of Stephen Dedalus, the vivisectionist of Dublin paralysis in the earlier works.

If *Ulysses* is ultimately an epic of the human body then *Finnegans Wake*, that reef on which so many readers have foundered, was seen by Joyce as nothing less than 'a history of the world', an encyclopaedic, limitlessly suggestive (how the post-structuralists love it!) linguistic marvel that, as Parrinder disarmingly concedes, no one will ever definitively understand. Indeed, Joyce scholars are now saying that interpretation of the *Wake* may actually become *more* difficult as the 1920s and 1930s recede.

This is a suggestive study which offers an interesting new way of approaching the Joyce oeuvre. I should have liked, however, to see more explicit discussion than we get of the relationship of Joyce to Irish nationalism and of his politics — anarchism? Bloomian watery Fabianism? pacifism? international socialism? — and perhaps a little more indulgence towards the glancing prose fragment *Giacomo Joyce*, dismissed here as 'arch and mawkish'. □

Part works

Gill Hanscombe

Charlotte Mew & Her Friends
PENELOPE FITZGERALD *Collins* £12.95
Una Troubridge: The Friend of Radclyffe Hall
RICHARD ORMROD *Cape* £10.95

THERE ARE more ways than any one of us can command to tell a good book from a bad one. I duly hesitate. There are many reasons for recommending both these biographies.

Despite great differences, they are coupled together because each presents the life of a lesbian woman. Penelope Fitzgerald's account of Charlotte Mew and her friends is written with considerable verve and wit; she shows immense skill in producing a wonderfully paced narrative from the unpromising material of Mew's sad life, which progressed — it seems, mercilessly — from infant joy to adult sorrow and suicide. This intelligent and sympathetic biography uses her sources not only with dexterity but with imagination, the early 'background' chapters, for instance, serving both to recreate milieux and to establish much of the foundation for Mew's adult efforts to keep up appearances.

Richard Ormrod's view of Una Troubridge relies on enthusiasm rather than wit. His naive admiration for his subject, his avoidance of the academic perils of pretension and pedantry, a generous treatment of the arcane spiritualist sessions his two principals found so fascinating, his attention to detail in accounts of the dizzying number of houses his heroines bought and sold, journeys they made, illnesses they enjoyed and endured — all combine in an earnest sentimentality that I can't find offensive.

And yet . . . and yet . . . Something is nevertheless fundamentally wrong with these books. Ormrod's particularly. The clue lies in the absence — from text, introduction or blurb — of explanations of why these authors chose their subjects. How much does it matter that a writer undertaking the biography of a lesbian woman comprehends the nature of a lesbian sensibility?

The usual approach — adopted by most literary editors, academics and writers — is to distinguish a woman's lesbianism as a discrete and singular phenomenon. That done, readers may pass on to the important matter of assessing the rest of the subject's life and/or work. Fitzgerald, for example, despite her sympathetic treatment of Mew's luckless relationships, turns to aesthetics to account for the poetic voice, wondering — as others have — at the superb grasp of emotion of both seeker and sought in Mew's best-known poem 'The Farmer's Bride', commenting:

> Anyone who could say what prompted her to write it, at the age of forty-two, would be able to understand the nature of the poetic impulse itself . . . the subject of the poem, its whole weight and impetus . . . is frustration.

I don't think so. This is a lesbian's poem, a world in which sexual congress between a man and his 'bride' simply has no place.

Where Mew is presented, as it were, by a peer, Troubridge is revealed by an acolyte. She could have been, we're told, a sculptor, linguist, opera singer, book illustrator, diplomat . . . but gave up everything for love's sake, 'being primarily a feminine woman'.

'It's a love story as compelling as the Brownings',' says the blurb. And, cast as such, it has all the necessary ingredients: Una leaving family for 'John' Radclyffe Hall, Una generously bearing the burden of the 'mistress' of John's middle age, Una attending the dying John's bedside, and so on. Such stereotypical femininity appeals enormously to her biographer and provides the *basso continuo* for his narrative.

What's strange — of course — is that such 'femininity' can't have been quite how Ormrod sees it, since her partner, for all her mannishness, was undubitably a woman. Ormrod's way of dealing with this central (and transforming) reality is to rationalise it: Una acted out an 'unresolved "Electra complex"'; her 'feminine nature' was attracted to the 'masculine principle' in John (does he mean her hats and cigars? or what he innocently calls her 'tribadic' sexual style?) and, anyway, he concludes, Hall wasn't really a lesbian, but what we would now call a transsexual. (And can any woman reader be made other than amazed and untrusting by Ormrod's quoted authority on the qualitative difference in orgasms experienced by women in heterosexual and lesbian love-making? It is none other than Derek Llewellyn-Jones, of *Everywoman* fame.)

The approach better able to account for lives like these is one recognising that lesbianism is neither discrete nor singular in a woman's life, but — being the basis on which her sense of reality rests — is necessarily integral to those 'universals' we judge by. As Hall herself said of *The Well of Loneliness*, 'such a book could only be written by a sexual invert . . . qualified by personal knowledge and experience . . .' It may be — in some far-off, sane and healthy future — that things can be different and experiential qualifications not be necessary. But for now, if the truth of lesbian lives is to be told as fully as it can be, we must tell it ourselves. □

FICTION

Creeping things

Marion Glastonbury

Confession of a Murderer
JOSEPH ROTH *Chatto* £8.95
Garden, Ashes
DANILO KIS *Faber* £8.95 & £3.95
The Captain's Paramours
K. ARNOLD PRICE *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
Family Ties
CLARICE LISPECTOR *Carcanet* £8.95 & £3.50
The Apple in the Dark
CLARICE LISPECTOR *Virago* £10.95 & £4.50
Made for Each Other
VIRGINIA IRONSIDE *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

> A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
> Of sprites and goblins...

WHEN Shakespeare's young Mamillius sets out to send shivers down his mother's spine, he draws her close, so that the warmth of intimacy will sharpen the imaginary chill he has in store for her. Likewise, these assorted entertainments for dark evenings whisper familiarly in our ears, the better to disturb us.

Joseph Roth's **Confession of a Murderer**, first published in 1936, offers the time-honoured cosiness of one first-person narrative inside another. We are button-holed at the outset by a German exile in Paris, who, like the author, had served on the Eastern Front in the Great War and then worked as a journalist in

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the Soviet Union. While frequenting a Russian restaurant, the haunt of expatriates, he prudently conceals his knowledge of the language: a vain attempt since this, and much more, has already been deduced by one of the clientèle. The sharp-eyed stranger turns out to be a natural son of Prince Krapotkin, and a former spy and agent of the Czar, who had been driven to this ruthless trade by thwarted ambition, jealousy of his legitimate half-brother and the wiles of (you've guessed it!) a seductress. In a single night, the betrayals and conspiracies of a life-time are disclosed, as Golubchik unburdens himself over the schnapps. Dawn breaks and the drinkers disperse, only to encounter the most sinister of the conspirators face to face...

The murderer disclaims all interest in public affairs and ideological motivation. His tale is playfully macabre, an opera-hatted yarn of crime and punishment. Even the clock on the wall of the restaurant seems intended 'not to tell the time but to ridicule it'.

Garden, Ashes by Danilo Kis, finely translated by William J. Hannaher, is a surreal memoir of war-time childhood in Yugoslavia in which the towering presence of a mad father inspired, not rage and resentment, but wonder and speculation. Edward Scham, poet and prodigal, subdues dogs by barking at them on all fours, rides in a gypsy wagon 'like the Prince of Wales', and supplements his Guide to bus, ship, rail and air routes with a vast, unmarketable compendium of universal scholarship. Meanwhile, his son Andi wrestles with dreams, insomnia, sexual experiment, the fear of death, in swift, delicate prose which lends mesmeric vividness to the most mundane of events. Learning to count and reading the Bible become as exciting as travel, as pungent as cough mixture.

The amiable eccentrics portrayed by K. Arnold Price are all Irish and belong, for the most part, to an era of flutes and fiddles before the last thirty years during which the stories in this collection were written. The title, **The Captain's Paramours**, conveys a boy's perplexity about some neighbours who are disapproved of by his mother and the subject of village jokes. As the young observer grows up, he notes with ever-decreasing naiveté the evidence of love and the rumours of scandal among the dignified poor and the benign rich, until at length he recognises his father's features in the face of a local builder.

Whereas rural Croagh is full of feuds and liaisons and *crimes passionelles*, the Brazilian city-dwellers of Clarice Lispector's **Family Ties** are all, notwithstanding the title, either devoid of human connections or in the process of losing them. In each of these 14 short fictions, individuals face nothingness and experience nausea. Blank misgivings remain much the same however they arise. Boredom, drunkenness, panic; the glimpse of a blind man, a birthday party for an 89-year-old woman, customers in a restaurant, animals in the zoo: all leave an identical impression.

In an erudite afterword to *Family Ties*, Giovanni Pontiero draws attention to the existential antecedents of Lispector's alienated streams of consciousness, which must have seemed more avant-garde, though no less vapid, when they first appeared in the original Portuguese in 1960. Shades of Sartre, Camus, Kierkegaard, Heidegger, D.H. Lawrence and Gertrude Stein gather ever more nebulously around **The Apple in the Dark** by the same author. Victoria, a landowner, and her cousin Ermelinda witness the spiritual regeneration of Martim, an engineer in their employ, who believes that he has murdered his wife. His 'hard clean masculinity' is further manifested by the rape of a mulatto servant, which is reported with a nonchalance that allows the victim no sensation or response, in marked contrast to the palpitating introspection of everyone else. I am afraid the limp gropings of these poor souls towards self definition reflect, not the subtlety, but the paralysis of their creator.

There is nothing metaphysical about the nightmare described in **Made for Each Other** and nothing vague about the creeps Virginia Ironside gives us. On the day of her mother's death, the narrator meets Jan, a fascinatingly devious coin-dealer, and the ensuing *coup de foudre* insulates her temporarily from the toil of grief and the impact of the cancer ward, as well as from work and from her female friends. While the affair lurches from pain to agony, she begins to explore her memories of Marie and, recovering her strength, belatedly grasps the nature of Jan's attachment.

As you might expect from the problem-page editor of *Woman* magazine, Virginia Ironside is briskly informative about the thraldom of exploited love, but herself annoyingly besotted with the moral touchstone of good taste. Never trust a man who owns a white leatherette sofa. Apparently, it's a much surer sign of a cad than sexual bullying and racist jokes. □

POETRY

Songs of myself

Stephen Romer

PART of the invention of America is the invention of a self that is knowing enough or primitive enough or comprehensive enough to beat the wilderness, or join it, or at least come to terms with it. Haunted by falsities, we are only really satisfied by someone who can fuse these attitudes and their contradictions; but great poets are scarce in any one place at any one time. Galway Kinnell (**Selected Poems**, Secker, £7.95) is not that poet, but he occupies his own terrain more conclusively than most. He is unabashed to wear his heart on his sleeve and walk tall in the colossal shadow of Whitman. I imagine the State-plate on his car might read 'Sincerity or Die'. It is idle, in his case, to protest that sincerity need not be synonymous with earnestness; Kinnell refuses urbanity and in doing so undoubtedly contributes qualities of perennial value.

His earlier poems, with a few exceptions, offer little but a pastiche of Yeats. It is not until that massive work with its ungainly title, 'The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ into the New World', that we confront Kinnell on his own terms. Here, if anywhere, he is 'slogging for the absolute', as he put it in another poem. But the nature of Kinnell's absolute is no clearer than Hart Crane's vague transcendent in *The Bridge*, and indeed these two poems are comparable in terms of ambition. But Kinnell's writing is often choppy and ugly, without Crane's linguistic grace. Much of his subsequent work shows a marked improvement. Kinnell abandons his urban Avenue for the great outdoors:

> It is New Hampshire out here,
> It is nearly dawn.
> The song of the whippoorwill stops
> And the dimension of depth seizes everything.

But even this, from 'Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock', raises suspicions. The 'dimension of depth' is perhaps not so readily available as simply naming it would suggest. For all that, Kinnell clings stubbornly to that dimension. In later, angry poems like 'The Dead Shall Be Raised Incorruptible' he bludgeoned me into acceptance by sheer force of numbers, but it was a Pyrrhic victory; as a poet he can impress and repel by turns, but the limits of his range are clearly apprehensible.

Philip Levine is another poet who (consolingly) improves after middle age, and he emerges from the rhetorical falsities of his early work to achieve a plain autobiographical style in what seem to me poems of a very high quality indeed. The middle section of this bulky **Selected Poems** (Secker, £8.95) is the best, especially the poems taken from *The Names of the Lost*. What I most commend in these is their unflagging meditative attention to essential matters which also keeps incidental details to a minimum. Certainly Levine traffics in powerful emotions, but they are powerful enough to silence the easy jibe of sentimentality. His poems are close-knit and do not lend themselves to quotation, but here anyway is the end of 'Gift for a Believer':

> I send
> water to fill your glass
> and overflow, to cool your wrists
> in the night ahead, water
> that runs like a pure thread
> through all my dreams
> and empties into tears, water
> to wash our eyes, our mothers' last wine,
> two palm-fulls the sky gave us,
> what the roots crave, rain.

Poems like 'No one Remembers', 'My Son and I', 'Starlight' and 'Ashes' should earn him the attention he deserves on this side of the Atlantic.

The substance of Florence Elon's first collection, **Self-Made** (Secker, £5.95), is also autobiographical and deals, from the Jewish-American point of view, with the matter of exile. 'Mother of Exiles', a sequence which closes the book and also constitutes its soundest achievement, poses the central question: 'My head spins like a top, wondering who and where /are the Americans?' But even here the simile is a cliché, and much of the book is marred by slack writing of this kind. There are several hospital poems that employ too much of the stock-in-trade imagery of that particular genre, while 'Place not Taken' starts with a singular view of stationery: 'This pen, like your penis/stirs in my hand'. The failure of imagination manifest in Elon's use of simile is unfortunate, because her subject is of interest; but there must be a gain in precision if she is to

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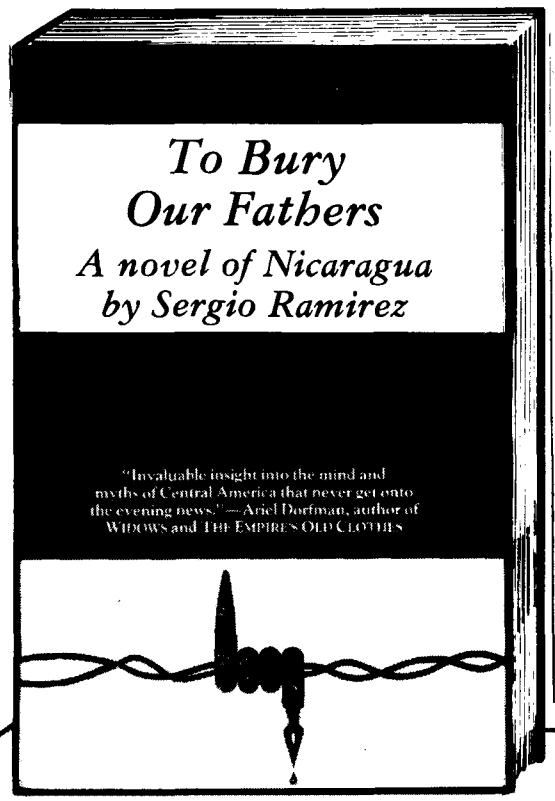
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A novel of Nicaragua by Sergio Ramirez
"Invaluable insight into the mind and myths of Central America that never get onto the evening news." —Ariel Dorfman, author of WIDOWS and THE EMPIRE'S OLD CLOTHES
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A RIDE ON THE WHIRLWIND SEPAMLA
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produce work of durable quality.

William Logan is an admirably well-educated and well-travelled poet, a fact he is not ashamed to advertise in his second collection (**Difficulty**, Salamander Press, £7.95 & £3.95). Nothing if not academic, he even sauces his verse with a Parisian self-referentiality, filtered through the schools of Yale, as in 'Arcanum': 'A writing/that seizes its own erasure, altering/ the world it vanishes from'. And yet Logan rarely appears at a loss for words. It is possible to enjoy his polished, latinate style, but too often it becomes portentous and even absurd. No civil servant could better this for meteorology: 'When swollen/ clouds blur the western sky, a latitude // suffers against this astringency of weather.' Much of this excess, however, is redeemed by the long title poem 'Difficulty'. In this, Logan's linguistic difficulty finds a purpose, in trying to come to terms with a terminated love affair. The laborious approach to acceptance, with its painful relapses, is skilfully recorded: 'She's only/a circumstance of self that nothing reconciles'. That insight alone raises this poem above the others.

There is no end of cleverness in the poems of Frederick Seidel (**Men and Woman**, Chatto, £4.95). They fairly clamour with it, and with their own brand of self-regard that all but swamps his more delicate insights. His name has been associated with that of Lowell but this in fact does Seidel a disservice, for inevitably one is tempted to make the comparison. Seidel's long poem 'Sunrise', for example, is certainly 'dazzling' — the blurby word is inevitable. It is also chock-full of knowing cultural and religious references, elliptically done. But Lowell's 'Waking Early Sunday Morning' shows all the difference; and 'Sunrise' is ambitious enough and similar enough in conception to demand such comparison. Lowell achieves simplicity where Seidel is content with complexity; Lowell is grave where Seidel gestures at gravity. Above all, perhaps, Lowell regulates his violence; he commits bad taste out of anger and then rights it ('Sing softer!'). Seidel's bad taste is momentous, and he seems, amazingly, unaware of it:

> Sat up at last, the quadriplegic boy
> Feels beyond pain, feels beyond joy —
> Still, stately as the Christ of Resurrection.
> I wake beneath my hypnopompic erection,
> Forty stanzas, forty Easters of life,
> And smile, eyes full of tears, shaking with rage.

That is the end of 'Sunrise'. No, Seidel's achievement is on a smaller scale and it resides in smaller, highly-achieved poems like 'Death Valley', about Antonioni filming in America, and in the brisk, witty retrospect '1968'.

There isn't space enough to do little more, finally, than signal the appearance of **Mirrors** by Robert Creeley (Marion Boyars, £4.95) and **A Wave** by John Ashbery (Carcanet, £4.95), but in any case the achievement of both these poets is widely recognised and I have no major reversals to report. In *Mirrors*, Creeley continues to practice the virtues of economy and restraint, while Ashbery creates a further marvel of introspection in his new long poem 'A Wave'. He has invented a tone, monotonous but strangely compelling, buoyant but not inflated, that is among the very best things in modern American writing. □

PAPERBACKS

Power plays

Alan Brien

JOSEPH HELLER wrote his latest novel, *God Knows*, because, he says, he could not resist the best story in the Bible. His autobiography of King David, piped through the persona of a wise-cracking Jewish New Yorker, is enjoyable enough if you can be amused by such kingly asides as 'Boy, did I cleave to her!' It's a pity no one advised him that the challenge had already been brilliantly met, a decade ago, in Stefan Heym's **The King David Report** (Abacus, £3.50).

Heym is an extraordinary writer who never picks up the easy or obvious option. Anti-Nazi refugee, decorated fighting-man in the US Army, best-selling American author, he opposed the Korean War and returned to Europe. Now 71, he lives in East Berlin writing novels in English that remain unpublished in his own country.

What attracted him to his amalgam of fairy tale and ethnic parable, he says, was not just its 'giants and prophets, beautiful women and ugly murders'. He sensed that between the lines lay half-buried the account of how a revolution developed into a nation state.

To make these bare bones live, Heym gives us the first-hand account by Ethan the Scribe of how Solomon commissioned him to compile the official history of his father's life and times. But before he can doctor the truth, Ethan has to find it. And we follow him, part muck-raker, part poet laureate, through audiences with dowager queens and concubines, interviews with court eunuchs, police chiefs, former war lords and retired librarians, transcriptions of forgotten trials and suppressed interrogations, structural analysis of songs and myths from the market place.

The modern parallels are unavoidable, if unstressed. What Heym does make clear is that the rewriting of history has always been a routine ruling-class procedure, not restricted to any period, creed or regime. Funny, exotic, sexy, tense and dense, as illuminating about then as now, this is the best paperback novel I have read in the last 12 months. (Heym's most recent work, a satiric fantasy also juggling with history and theology, *The Wandering Jew*, will be published in both hard and paperback by Picador in the spring).

How modern-day rulers, like their predecessors from Solomon to Stalin, set out to control, if not what people think, at least what they think *about*, is devastatingly documented in Ben Bagdikian's **The Media Monopoly** (Beacon Press USA). It is a dossier packed with recent examples from America showing the way advertisers instruct press and TV what to publicise, a handful of proprietors pressure legislators into making laws that benefit them, politicians muzzle public watchdogs when they threaten sensitive vested interests.

How the people can fight back when their freedoms are imperilled by such powerful enemies is demonstrated in Arthur Kinoy's **Rights on Trial** (Harvard University Press, £6.95). This is the joyous, passionate account by a crafty and courageous radical lawyer of his life-long battle against racism and repression in America. Far more often than you might have feared, he won.

Not only does it make exhilarating reading, often as gripping as any courtroom thriller, but it also provides many pertinent and timely lessons for the Left in a time of apparently triumphant reaction. That famous lawyers, like journalists or politicians, function best when they are involved in flesh as well as spirit, clubbed, arrested and fired from their jobs like the unknowns around them. That the most effective response to an attack is a counter-attack. And that, in America, the Constitution can be a revolutionary weapon, and those who trust in it may find themselves supported even against the supreme power of President and Congress by the judiciary, conservative judges often proving more dedicated to the rule of law than their liberal colleagues.

THE EPITOME of the crusading writer to many of us is still Emile Zola, least read today of all the great French novelists of the last century, most famous for his championship of Dreyfus both on the page and in the dock. **The Attack on the Mill** (Oxford, £3.95), a collection of 16 stories over 35 years, reminds us that he was also a sparkling popular entertainer, with a wide span of characters and settings, witty as well as didactic, lyrical as well as cynical.

It comes as something of a surprise, to me anyway, that though the taste of his audience was obviously for the Maupassant-style tale with a twist in its tail, he so often managed to gild the banal with beauty, breathing life into stock figures.

Another surprise is how many of the short stories of one Russian contemporary also titillate the customers with neat, paradoxical plots that might have been used by O. Henry, especially in **Chekhov: The Early Stories** (Abacus, £2.95). It is not too much to claim that some in these two volumes could be swapped, say the two anecdotes about cuckoldry, Zola's 'Shellfish for M. Chabre' and Chekhov's 'Revenge', without most readers noticing a jarring change of gear.

Chekhov at his best is, however, unmistakeable and irreplaceable as in the latter half of 'Early Stories' or any of the eleven collected in **The Russian Master** (Oxford, £2.25). At his peak, he was able to write with that absence of self-conscious ego which made his words as transparent as invisible ink, allowing us the illusion of seeing straight into his world and his people.

It is interesting to discover from **The Selected Letters of Anton Chekhov** (Picador, £3.50, and also available in hardback), edited with a not always helpful truculence by Lillian Hellman, that Chekhov was a warm admirer of Zola, particularly for his role in the Dreyfus case.

Writing with that impressionist vivacity letters often give the studied author, he observes: 'In this trial of his, he has cleaned off all his external grease spots with turpentine and now gleams before the French in his true brilliance. He has a purity and moral elevation none of us suspected.' □

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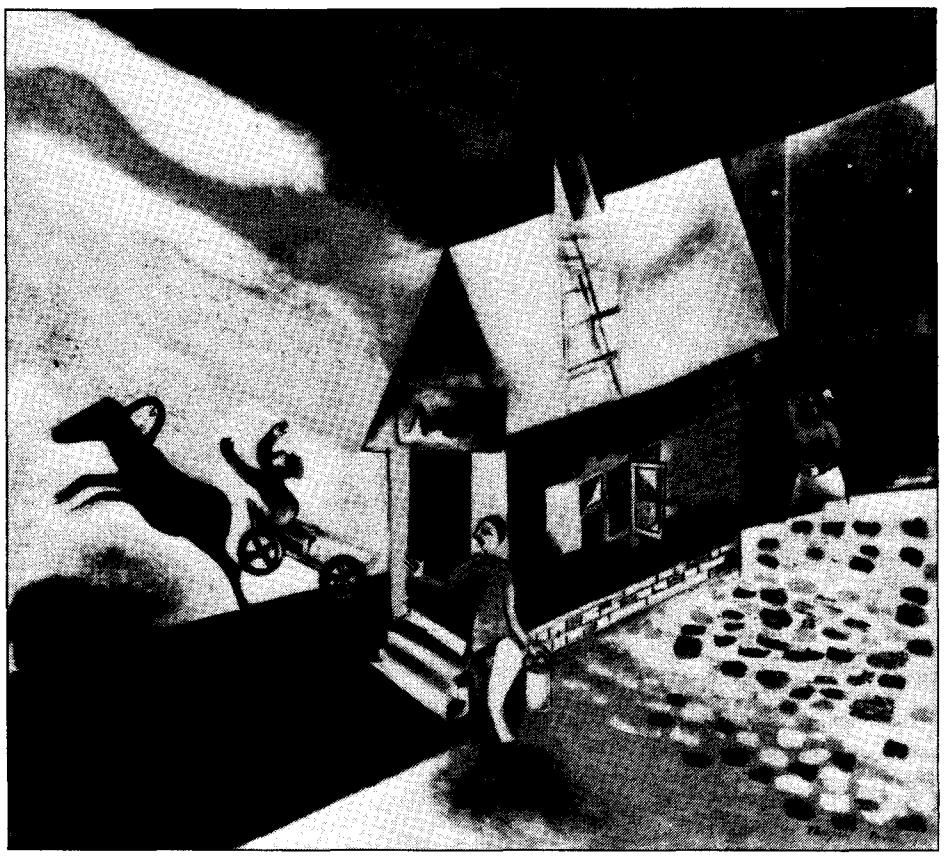
ART

Peter Pan of Vitebsk

John Spurling



Chagall leaves the ground for the first time: 'The Flying Carriage' (1913)

Chagall
RA, until 31 March; Philadelphia Museum of Art, USA, from 12 May

CHAGALL'S is a childhood vision, recovered retrospectively after he had made his escape from the cramped circumstances of his provincial Russian Jewish origins. The creative energy stored during those first 20 years in Vitebsk could hardly have been expected to last another 77 years (Chagall is now 97½) and in fact it began to run out in the Twenties, leaving the artist no alternative but to repeat himself, turning out his visions more or less to a formula. The exhibition at the RA (sponsored by the First National Bank of Chicago which, as critics of commercial sponsorship will be glad to know, has a history of supporting Chagall) is far too large. It fills nine galleries and there is not much to detain the visitor after the fifth.

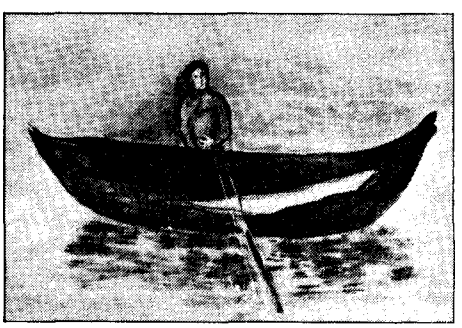
But the essential weakness of Chagall's work is not confined to his later repetitions, though it is more obvious there. The weakness comes from the very source of his art, from the impossibility of reconciling that real world of his childhood, which he couldn't leave too soon, with his later version of it as an image of love, warmth and innocence. No doubt it was both, a rich confusion of feelings ranging from love to hate, but that is not what he shows. Chagall's visionary Vitebsk is Toytown in sweet colours and soft forms and from the very outset of his international career that *faux naiveté*, that one-sided simplification threatens to trivialise his art.

Nevertheless it doesn't immediately look trivial. The young Chagall was a voracious assimilator of other men's styles and, settling in Paris in 1911, found himself at the centre of an unprecedented stylistic jamboree. The most exciting section of this show is the far end of the central gallery, where Chagall can be seen marrying his fresh borrowings from Fauvism, Futurism, Orphism and Cubism to his newly evolving conception of Vitebsk as an imaginative asset instead of a social and psychological liability. *Half Past Three (the Poet)* and *Homage to Apollinaire* are still stylistic fruit-salads, with Chagall's individuality chiefly recognisable in the lyricism of the heads, but the green-faced, blue-haired *Fiddler*, dancing with his orange and yellow instrument across a backcloth of houses, churches and seasons in artfully jumbled perspective, is as sure of himself as he is original. The poet's head in *Half Past Three* is also painted a deep green and is turned upside-down; Chagall makes a further significant break with physical reality in another painting of this period, *The Flying Carriage*, in which, from beside a village shop, a peasant, his cart and his dark green horse are plunging up from the horizon towards a lurid Fauvist sky of red and yellow. Both ideas, the twisted head and the levitating body, are brought together a few years later, after Chagall's return to Russia, in an ecstatic interior scene called *The Birthday*, which coincided with Chagall's marriage to his first wife Bella and inaugurated his long and eventually vacuous series of entwined lovers.

Between leaving Vitebsk and making for Paris, Chagall learnt his trade at art schools in St Petersburg. The exhibition's organiser, Susan Compton, has allowed too many later paintings into the show and her catalogue entries are fulsomely uncritical, but she has assembled a good selection of work from the Petersburg period and devotes an interesting essay in the catalogue (RA/Weidenfeld, £7.90) to charting its local influences. Chagall had already turned back to Vitebsk for his subject-matter, alternating portraits of himself and members of his family with scenes of peasant life in a somewhat naive style and sombre colours. But these scenes, Dr Compton suggests, owe as much to contemporary Russian theatre, especially the plays of Leonid Andreev, as to Chagall's own background; and this theatricality — the puppet-like figures and their stylised, pantomime settings — seems already on the way, even before Vitebsk becomes a nostalgic dream, towards the radical artificiality of Orphic colours and Cubist forms. It was no doubt the strength of this Russian start which ensured that Chagall remained his own man in spite of the powerful influences he encountered in Paris. The result was not just another Orphist or Cubist, but the magic realist we all know and partly love.

All the same, the etchings he made in 1923-7 for an edition of Gogol's *Dead Souls* make one wish he had remained still more of a Russian. By this time he had been back to Vitebsk in very different circumstances, as the region's Commissar of Art and founder of its art school and museum in the years immediately after the Revolution. The arrival of Malevich and fellow abstractionists to teach at the Vitebsk art school and the general conditions of post-Revolutionary Russia hastened his second and final exile in Paris, where almost as if nothing had intervened he returned to his folk-tale world, though in a bolder and more authoritative manner, with brighter and more adventurous colour relationships. This was when he made the illustrations for *Dead Souls* which, lacking colour and with figures too solid and individually characterised even to be immediately recognisable as by Chagall, are alive with movement and slapstick comedy to the point of hardly seeming to be stills at all, but rather passages from a silent movie.

Nowhere else in the exhibition does one have such a sense of Chagall's genius for



Staying afloat: detail from a ballet backdrop

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composition, for making his space pulse with action and reaction, or such a sense of his sharpness of mind and eye. It's almost as if elsewhere he allowed the colours to disguise his best qualities, blurring and softening him into fantasy like a drug. Surely at this juncture of his career he might have laid his childhood to rest and renewed his energy with a new direction? But, except for a further set of quite differently conceived etchings for La Fontaine, he ignored the opportunity and chose to pursue his well-trodden path of personal symbols and nursery-wall motifs: cows, angels, lovers, harlequins, candles and dinky towns. Even the two crowded, ostensibly political canvases of the late Thirties, *The Revolution* and *White Crucifixion*, are resolutely childish responses to harrowing events. The Bolshevik Terror and the Nazi Persecution of the Jews respectively are distanced into picture-book illustrations, peopled by dolls.

Much later, in the Fifties and Sixties, Chagall offered himself another new turning when he was commissioned to make stained-glass windows for Metz Cathedral. The temptation to his sweet tooth for colour would always have been dangerous, but by now his figures had grown too etiolated and his designs too standardised to make any sort of resistance. The trial examples for these and later church windows included in the exhibition contribute a pleasant glow towards the end, but a class of primary children with the same expert assistance as Chagall has would do quite as well or better and compared with, say, John Piper's work in this field, Chagall's is sadly feeble.

It is, then, on the whole a sad story: of a man who might have been a major artist, but lived long enough to prove he wasn't; or of a boy who flew over the rooftops once too often and could never afterwards set foot on the ground and grow into a man. □

FILMS

Musical shares

John Coleman

Amadeus (PG)
ABCs, Shaftesbury Avenue and Fulham Road
Water (15)
Odeon, Leicester Square
All of Me (15)
ABCs, Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads
Repo Man (18)
Camden Plaza; Chelsea Cinema; Electric Screen; Classic, Oxford Street
Constance (15)
Screen on Baker Street; Cinecenta; Odeon, Kensington

'EVERYBODY liked me. I liked myself. Until *he* came . . .': thus the dotard in a madhouse, maundering on to a stunned young priest. The old man is Antonio Salieri, one-time court composer to Emperor Joseph II in Vienna, and 'he', of course, is Mozart, long dead. In this enthralling screen adaptation by Peter Shaffer of his own hit stage play, **Amadeus**, directed by Milos Forman, the crux and flux of events quite depend on such jealous petulance, on the steadfast, Iago-duplicitous resolve of one man to do another down, to the very death, indeed. In historic fact, after attempted suicide in his senility, Salieri twice confessed to having killed Mozart, by poison it was suggested.

Rimsky-Korsakov wrote an opera on the subject and on the same dubious premise Shaffer has erected a rich, vulgar and potent fantasy about mediocrity and genius, incorporating some authentic research into his brew. With the resources of cinema at *his* disposal, Forman lavishly goes to town, late 18th-century Vienna (actually Prague); gives us period-mounted snatches of *The Marriage of Figaro, Don Giovanni, Abduction from the Seraglio, The Magic Flute*, even Salieri's *Axur*, and music everywhere; can cut back and forth in time between the asylumed old man and his visualised reminiscences. At the tale's more preposterous turns there is always the music to fall back on, as it were, and such circus delights as a reproduction of Schikaneder's Volkstheater.

After a brief glimpse of the child prodigy, playing blindfolded for the Pope, we get the deliberate shock of a rorty young Mozart (Tom Hulce), with an American accent, shrill mad giggle and penchant for scatological puns, merrily rolling on the floor with his landlady's daughter and wife-to-be, Constanze (delightful and likewise American Elizabeth Berridge): abruptly this unlikely lad howls, 'My music! They've started without me!', scampering off to conduct in the grand, adjoining room. This is also the first of a series of culture-shocks for the magnificently saturnine, tormented and eavesdropping Salieri of F. Murray Abraham: our different alarm is a reflection of his. He is to follow this brash buffoon everywhere, loathing and admiring, cursing the God who poured divine inspiration into such a vessel. His initial humiliation is to come when the little march he has composed to welcome Mozart to the Emperor's court is converted on the spot by its merry object into a brilliancy later to crop up in *Figaro*. Dashing and comical scenes like this may madden the purist (be warned: there are plenty): I took it gleefully, you might say, with a pinch of Salieri.

Because one is constantly encouraged to warm to Wolfgang, whose drinking and impudence are visibly matched by his unflagging capacity for work. When his censorious father Leopold (Roy Dotrice) dies, his guilt — according to the film's and Salieri's interpretation — finds expression in the fearful creation of *Don Giovanni*'s Commendatore, a figure on whom his enemy is to seize for retribution in one of the occasion's boldest conceits. It will literally be the death of a sick, terrified and hideously overburdened Mozart.

What Shaffer's and Forman's film is not, praise be, is the sort of toe-curling excess Ken Russell has more than once conjured from a composer's corpse and corpus. To be exact, only rarely does it tip in that direction. And this is because its principal purpose, however ambiguous, lies elsewhere: in that 'motiveless malignity' ascribed on exam papers to Iago (for in life Salieri's *Axur* received 100 performances to *Giovanni*'s five) and its diabolic working-out.

Tom Hulce as an apparently unlikely Mozart

To this should be added due credit to blinding all-round professionalism, and forget 'one of the largest wig budgets in movie history'. In supporting roles, Dotrice as papa Mozart, Simon Callow as Schikaneder and Jeffrey Jones as a tin-eared Emperor are marvellous, as are the photography of Miroslav Ondricek and the expert musical supervision of Neville Marriner. And I applaud its outfacing, or outvoicing, of that sanctified convention whereby only English actors are allowed to play cultivated Europeans.

Dick Clement's **Water**, with a screenplay by him, his producer Ian La Frenais and Bill Persky, romps around on the roguishly named Caribbean island of Cascara, a British dependency we wish to rid ourselves of, unlike the Falklands about which some unbenign jokes are made. The piece suffers from a surfeit of plot, embracing rights in oil and mineral water, Cuban revolutionaries, French-funded German mercenaries and US tycoonery. It benefits from Michael Caine's grass-smoking Governor, the late Leonard Rossiter's visitor from Whitehall, Billy Connolly's inept Singing Rebel, Valerie Perrine's eager ecologist ('I want to save the bat') and enough good one-liners to sustain something half its length. A 'Concert for Cascara' somehow occurs — with several rock big names, among them George Harrison. This is a Handmade film, prompting the reflection that Mr Harrison is prepared to put his mouth where his money is.

Carl Reiner's **All of Me**, his fourth Steve Martin vehicle, has that comedian doing his best — somehow never quite enough — as daytime lawyer, night-time jazz musician who, through a guru's mishap, finds his body semi-inhabited by the soul of dead billionairess Lily Tomlin. A long section of this goes a very little way. Martin and Tomlin work up some amusing tenderness near the end: too late for me. Alex Cox's **Repo Man**, generously received by many of my colleagues, is clearly the debut of a director worth watching, but not too closely here, being a surrealist mish-mash about sleazy LA car repossessors, a lobotomised nuclear scientist with something lethal in his Chevy's boot, and Harry Dean Stanton of the title less in evidence than I expected. Another director's first, New Zealander Bruce Morrison's **Constance**, pursues the freakish, ultimately bleakish fortunes of a young, late-Forties, Auckland film fanatic (pretty, hard-faced Donogh Rees) as she dreams of being somehow 'discovered'. Promising mix of memory and desire, marred by stilted acting and unwise in showing Rita Hayworth doing her stuff in *Gilda*: stiff competition. □

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THEATRE

Full of horrors

Benedict Nightingale

In the Penal Colony
PIP SIMMONS *ICA*
A Cry with Sewn Lips
IRAJ JANNATIE ATAIE *Theatre Upstairs*

MAN A HAS his lips sewn up, he's imprisoned and beaten, he watches as a killer-dose of air is pumped into his veins. Man B is hung up in chains in front of an archaic-looking contraption which at some point in the next five hours, he doesn't know when, will split his backbone with a giant bullet. Man C has little bits of himself cut off, and is forced to eat them, until he gratefully expires of shock and loss of blood.

The first of these horrors really occurred, or so we're reliably informed by the dissident Iranian company now at the Theatre Upstairs. The second is derived by Pip Simmons from Kafka's well-known *Penal Settlement*. And the third has been invented by me, not (I would like to believe) because I have a nasty, morbid mind, but in order to make a point. We all know from history, current events and sometimes even our own experience that there's no limit, none, to what some members of the species are prepared to do to their fellow-creatures. We could go on chilling one another's blood with story after story, possibility after possibility, until next week and beyond. And that, I submit, would be a pretty superfluous and sterile exercise, because it would neither confront nor answer the interestng, important question. What's the pathology — psychological, social and political — of such happenings? What causes them, what are their after-effects?

That is, or should be, so obvious as to be scarcely worth saying; and yet there's something about Pip Simmons and his work that provokes one to repeat it. Though the main address of the outfit bearing his name seems these days to be the Mickery Theatre in Amsterdam, it's still as highly regarded an English performing-arts group as any, and violence has long been one of its principal preoccupations. Yet even its brilliantly, its terrifyingly imaginative holocaust-play, *An Die Musik*, added up to little more than the somewhat objectionable suggestion that victims are prone to cooperate with their oppressors. Does **In the Penal Colony** leave us with any more impressive wisdom?

When we enter the ICA, we're asked to gather round the electric crossbow-cannon that somewhat inadequately substitutes for Kafka's giant harrow which slaughtered sinners by engraving the words 'honour thy superiors' ever deeper into their flesh and bones. Then a lady with a mike asks some of us our opinion of it as a work of art, and our awkward, grinning answers ('it's a statement in itself', 'I like the tension it generates') are played back on television screens. Is the intention to lure us into making aesthetic judgements on what turns out to be a dark moral matter, and tacitly to accuse us of Bloomsburyism when we do so? Maybe, maybe not. It is certainly to bang afresh at a pretty well-peppered target, the supposed callousness of a supposedly voyeuristic medium. That much becomes doubly, trebly clear when the smiling interviewer and her camera-crew start directing their attention to the condemned man, his lips, his slightly twitching eyes, his last words.

This doesn't take us very far very imaginatively; but, to be fair, it isn't the main thrust or purpose of the evening. Mr Simmons is more interested in giving us a conducted tour of the mental chambers and passageways of the torturer, the executioner, the dictator, the fascist. First we meet the boyish enthusiast who has refined the dread 'ballista' and is in charge of its operation. He burbles happily on about its efficiency, its adaptability, its power to maintain the maximum fear for the maximum time, thereby offering a triumphant demonstration of the grandeur and inexorability of justice when it has to deal with 'scum and filth'. Then on steps this gentleman's newly-appointed commanding officer, a smooth, urbane sort who regards the ballista as a crude archaism, yet himself turns out to be no more tolerant of those who resist his military authority — 'I don't consider minorities political prisoners, because it's against the law to belong to one.' And so we proceed to an ending rather similar to Kafka's, but clearly meant to keep us mindful of South

New Horizons presents an aspect of London's artistic expression, often denied but which has nevertheless flourished, and grown continually in strength.

This exhibition brings together the work of 40 artists, coming together from the Caribbean, Asian, African, Turkish and Iranian communities. The work on show will include sculpture, jewellery, ceramics, pottery, paintings, textiles, and many pieces which refuse to respect the boundaries between 'art' and 'crafts', drawing both traditional and contemporary elements into their realisation.

18th Jan — 5th Feb 1985
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and Central America, Soviet Russia and South Africa, and other places that continue to provide Amnesty International with tales as bad as this, or worse.

But does it all do more than evoke in very general terms what we already know or could easily surmise? Not really. The strength of **A Cry with Sewn Lips**, by comparison, is that it carefully, perhaps over-carefully, describes one man's lifelong struggle with political oppression. The democrat Farokhi provokes the atrocity of the title by writing poems critical of a feudal governor; later, he attacks the British presence in Iran, the dictatorial Reza Shah, everyone and everything that keeps his fellow-citizens in subjection; and a shooting, beatings, an attempted poisoning, and heaven knows what else, fail to curb a spirit that, in Jamshid Ashkani's marvellous performance, comes across as modest, dogged, but very determined indeed.

The Mazdak Theatre Group's production is long and wordy, which is quite a problem, since the words are in Iranian and primarily aimed at its fellow-exiles in the audience. The result can't honestly be recommended as an entertaining evening out but, for those who feel strongly about the monster-mullahs of today, it's an opportunity to show a little solidarity — and maybe something more. To show dire, drear events, but also someone morally and spiritually surviving them, is scarcely a sterile or superfluous exercise, let alone a morbid one. Some might even call it an inspiration. □

DANCE

Protozoic

Stephanie Jordan

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet
Pilobolus Dance Theatre
Sadler's Wells

UNTIL NOW, Jennifer Jackson has given us little reason to think of her as a progressive choreographer. But, in her selection of a score by Stephen Montague (something of a presence in experimental dance performances) for **Median**, we detect a brave choice: the reconciliation of the large-scale concert number for a popular ballet company with a piece containing certain unfamiliar contemporary techniques. Thus, we had the Reichian evolving repetition of phrases, experimental procedures like the extended elaborations of a single pitch and the now often heard consonances and climaxes achieved without tonal progression.

Montague made his aspirations and educational background very clear in the most unblushingly lengthy composer's note that I have ever read in a ballet programme. Ms Jackson confined her lyricism to ten words: 'Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other', metaphorically apt as well as being descriptive of the sexual division of the cast of 12.

Curtain up and the men stand boldly in line holding a contorted woman (Marion Tait). There is a long middle section, with the five other girls, warriors in an assertive routine recalling an enlivened Hans van Manen. It is a familiar battle coming to a racing close that begs applause. At best, *Median* is the history of the feminist movement, with woman initially subordinate to maledom, gradually finding her voice and overthrowing his domination. The optimistic finale looks to that time (as yet unreached) when the sexes will work together fruitfully and equally, the same but different (cf Ms Jackson's axiom).

Nothing in her fundamental scenario touches the movement, which is mostly derivative. The choreographic ideas seem sound but crumble away without development, an affliction of her previous piece, *Common Ground*. Ella Huhne provided a design in purples, reds and grey-blues.

Pilobolus Dance Theatre receives generous funding in America, an attestation of its widespread appeal. In another deft piece of programme-note pseudery, we are informed that it is based in Washington, Connecticut, 'away from the intense (dance) activity of New York City — you have to feel cut off or else you receive the same stimuli as others and you all start to look alike'. The name, which has outlived a momentary chic to become an embarrassment, derives from 'a genus of phototropic fungi .... with the ability to shoot spores tremendous distances'. Such images of natural dynamism and shape make sense when applied to **Ocellus** (*Lat.* eye, darling, gem) of 1972 in which four near-naked men work as a unit or in amoeboid, dividing pairs assuming corporate forms.

Later works are given enticing titles for which, mercifully, no lengthy programme note, but no explanation either. Deliberate esoterism is apparent, too, in the billing of a short piece like **What Grows in Huygen's Window** (1982), which boasts five collaborating choreographers. Actually, it is a quite effective joke piece for four dancers, robed in sheets and red shovel hats, with their arms extended on stilts, cleverly able to affect our sense of front and back of figures. **Tarleton's Resurrection** (1981), made by only two choreographers, shows a couple of aggressive varlets never getting the better of one another in a replay of ancient comedy. There was also the gymnastic **Pseudopodia** (1974), Jonathan Wolken's amiably somersaulting piece for Austin Hartel, and **Day Two** (1982), with an astonishing eight choreographers (some company members) and lighting by Neil Peter Jampolis 'based on a concept by David M. Chapman'.

This final piece demonstrates that when the company overcomes its dependence upon the bizarre and tackles a more conventional choreographic exercise with steps and the dancers standing on their own two feet, it is weak. The dancers are well drilled and powerful, to be sure, but personality is suppressed: the material is much the same for men and women alike. And apart from recurring tricks like the forming of an organism from two or more interlocking bodies, Pilobulus gives each idea a vast time allocation in which to be exploited before being succeeded by the next. The show is entertaining but meretricious. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Soft soap

PAUL GAMBACCINI had a hard time with Rik Ocasek of The Cars this week on the first programme in a third series of **The Other Side of the Tracks** (C4). No matter how much Gambo exaggerated Rik's importance, holding up a mirror ten times more flattering than the 'characteristic looking' Ocasek can ever have looked in his life, Rik's ego and his fascinatingly dull mentor Andy Warhol would allow him only a pleased but maddening 'HmmHmm' or 'Uh-Uh'. This wasn't cool though, because it obliged Professor Gambaccini to expound his thesis that The Cars' latterday eminence is due mainly to one or two bits of fashionable computer-graphics they have been used in. But by that time it was too late for Rik to prove he could speak English.

Further sly court was paid by Gambaccini to recent studio hype Frankie (etc) who have now *gone* to Hollywood and were interviewed being ordinary Liverpool gays round the pool. They too refrained from saying anything interesting in case we got the impression that their success had been due to anything (or *anyone*) other than long years of hard work and obscurity, although it was decent of them to hand the blame for their absurd supremacy to *The Tube* (C4), still the only music programme anyone has to bother with, on — for my money — the only channel. 'We can't understand why people are interested in us,' said a member we had just seen clad in pink leather shorts and black string mini-vest, backed by his chumlets in Mad Max robot-wear and supported by an S/M go-go stripper and suspender-belt. 'We're very honest and very simple, really. You can't, like, evolve into coping with it.' His inadequate grip on language, life and pre-packaging reminded me of a brief interview with ex-Sex Pistol Paul Cook on the *South Bank Show*'s springy celebration of Malcolm Maclaren's exploitative personality and ventures some months back. Paul was filmed still in shock from the Pistols' brief trajectory of seven years ago which he clearly hadn't been conscious of at the time. 'Malcolm even made us buy our own clobber from his shop,' cried the bewildered Pistol. All the above 'groups for men' by the way come in packets of a hundred, are highly absorbent and can be used for a number of household purposes.

I turned to the always-surprising **South Bank Show** (ITV) following the advertised promise that someone was making another musical about Elvis Presley. Will it be art? I wondered. But it was only Alan Bleasdale putting out a wholly unconvinced modesty about his considerable achievements to date. I believed him when he said he'd set out to make a name for himself — 'You're made to feel uncomfortable in places you used to wander in before you were Alan Bleasdale' — but not when he said he'd written *Boys from the Blackstuff* for the unemployed: 'And if I wasn't

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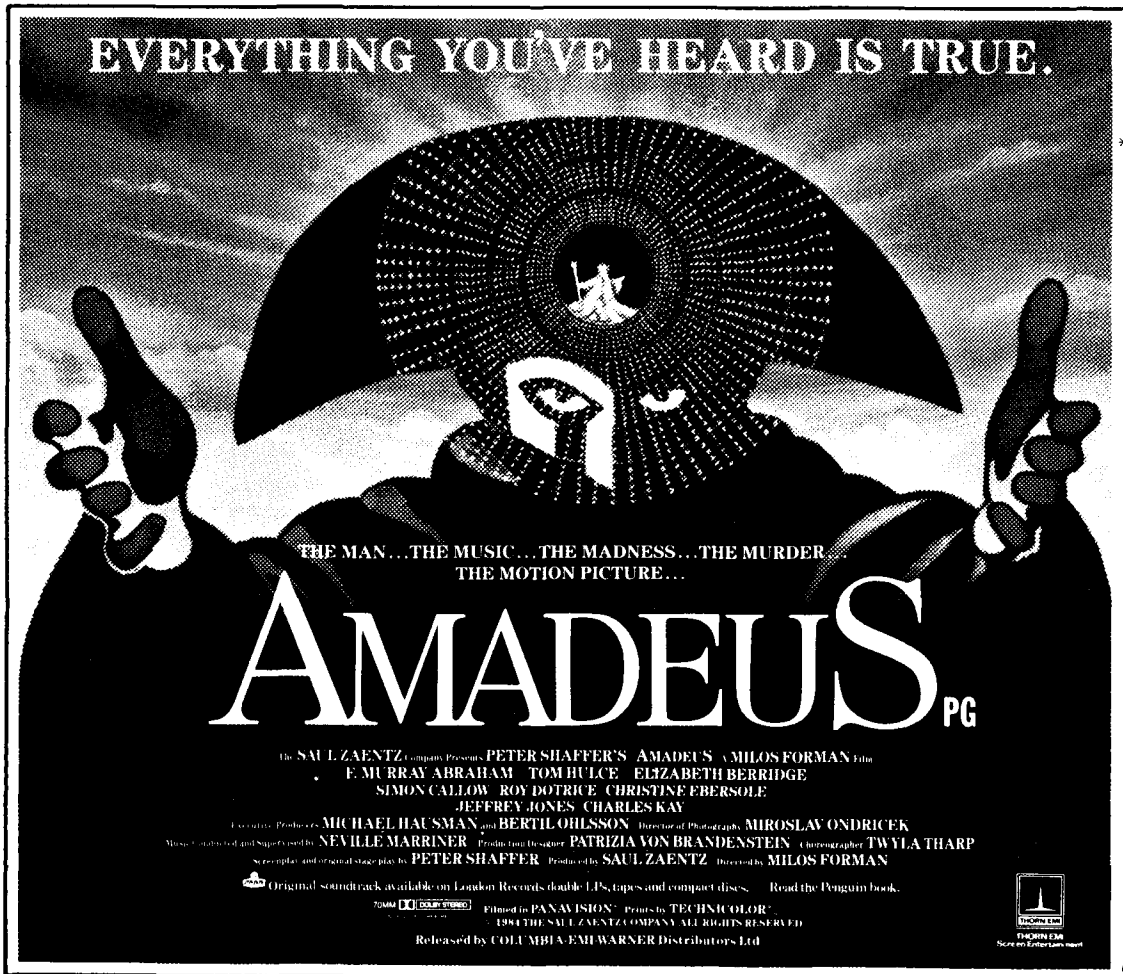
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faithful to them, I'm a disgrace.' (Oh, bravo sir!) After a long half-hour of exemplary good-neighbourliness and PR we got to the point: Bleasdale's findings that his zany 'Frankenstein' clone Yosser Hughes — taken from a real-life personality who used to smash fried eggs on his extra-high forehead — had a strange affinity with Elvis Presley, 'in that their dignity and self respect was about to be stripped off them.' We saw again the painful footage of a 19-stone King sweating and forgetting his way through the awful 'My Way' and attended auditions for an Elvis young and old from the local Elvis Club. I can see that a study of a kind of Yosser-in-reverse — 'You give him more and more and more until one day he wakes up' — sounds promising, but Elvis is Elvis, not some English lookalike mimicking those sad Las Vegas lapses, or even others written by Bleasdale: 'I am Elvis Presley. I've done the lot. And what do I end up doing? Talking to an empty chair at three in the morning.'

Melvyn Bragg posited a tentative fear that the piece might be too harrowing to bear, but I couldn't help feeling he was questioning Bleasdale's wisdom in tackling a subject so far from home and close to everyone's heart. 'I *know* it's brave,' said Bleasdale with his usual serene modesty. 'But I think it's so important right now to *be* brave.' Again, it sounded truer when he admitted he'd 'Always wanted to achieve something on an epic scale. Something so big it can't be ignored.' Whatever happens it's bound to be required viewing.

Except for **The Handyman** (C4), a nice three-hander from Quebec by Micheline Lanctot, in a form of French indistinguishable from Korean, the best thing on this week was an American documentary about *Clotheslines* by Roberta Cantow on **The Eleventh Hour: Women Direct** (C4). Why was it so agreeable to look at all those shots of other people's washing blowing in the wind in different parts of the world? 'They're like sculptures,' said a woman on the finely-edited voice scrap-book of remarks and reminiscences. 'The pleasure I take in sun-dried clothes goes beyond . . . there's always a fresh beginning . . .' It was that rare moment on TV when the imagination is revealed as a slow explosion of sensations instead of in its usual manifestation of a line of hammer-blows. I had never realised what deeply felt traditions and habits of self expression were involved in the hanging up of coloured and white clothes. 'You went out on the roof with your washing,' said a New York woman, 'and it was like a new beginning, a fresh start. It was sort of like when I gave birth. I was connected to all other women . . .'

Many of the women remembered with humour the more rigorous washing methods of their mothers — 'She'd just sit there for hours, looking at what she'd done' — stretching and ironing and folding in time-hallowed patterns now broken by the washing-machine, which one lady thought made more work today by encouraging you to change more. 'If I was going to go through all that trouble I was going to enjoy looking at it,' said a woman with a strong but unsung visual sense. 'She hung up *some* junk!' said another who in her next life may be the art critic of the *New York Times*. (I got points at home for liking this film. Worth having in this weather.) □

Nick Duffy

Mad dogs

Simon Rae

IF, LIKE ME, you went abroad last year, you may have found tucked into your traveller's cheque wallet a leaflet prepared by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food on *Rabies Protection*. Now you wouldn't have thought there'd be much danger of contracting rabies on the tiny and relatively unspoilt Greek island where I was going to recuperate from the humiliations of the Test series against the West Indies, but for a congenital hypochondriac who loathes and fears dogs, *Rabies Protection* was compulsive reading.

What makes rabies so compelling to the imagination is a combination of a very long incubation time after contact with the carrier and the terrifying nature of the symptoms — the staring eyes, the pathological rejection of water and the decline into delirium — which are irreversible. And then there is the slightness of the contact required. The virus is carried in saliva, so a lick can be fatal. Certainly the initial bite or scratch can be completely healed and forgotten by the time the disease becomes manifest. Most victims are unaware of their plight until it is too late. Quite recently Adam Mars-Jones had the bright idea of using the disease's general fascination in conjunction with the national fixation with royalty in 'Hoosh-Mi', a black comedy in which the Queen is infected by one of the corgis, and several hundred loyal Australians have to be vaccinated by clandestine means contrived by panic-struck officials after a walk-about in Sydney. (They needn't have bothered. 'There are no recorded cases of rabies being passed from man to man [or Monarch to subject] in the past century' — but then who is going to let *Rabies, The Facts You Need to Know* (Henderson & White) stand in the way of an ingenious plot?)

But to return to the Min. of Ag.'s less ambitious text. Its main burden, conveyed by the silhouettes of a cat, a dog, a mouse and a rabbit (not to scale) crossed through with a red sash, backed up by some heavy injunctions against bringing back any animals from your holiday, was that Britain is rabies-free and wants to stay that way. But there were some guidelines if you did happen to get bitten or scratched by an animal abroad. Among obviously sensible advice about washing the wound with soap and duty-free, and getting to a hospital sharpish, this caught my eye as being less than entirely realistic in the likely circumstances:

> Get the name, address and phone number of the animal owner. Ask if the animal has been vaccinated and see the certificate. Request to be told if it falls ill in the next fortnight.

I mean, can you imagine hanging around trying to trace the owner of some slavering brute of an Alsatian that's just taken a chunk out of your shin? Or asking to see a little bit of paper with a demented mongrel still hanging from the seat of your trousers? And what, anyway, would the Greek/Spanish/Italian or whatever for it be? Most phrasebooks concentrate on equipping you to ask to see the menu, not vaccination certificates. A touch of *Protect and Survive* about that one I thought. The Press Officer at the DHSS agreed that full compliance with that guideline might be tricky, but that in an 'ideal world' that's what you should do.

Leaving aside the minor quibble that in an ideal world people wouldn't go around getting bitten by potentially rabid animals, I pressed on to find out just what sort of risks British holidaymakers actually run in Europe. I was

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referred to an Animal Health Department of the Ministry of Agriculture, and they very helpfully sent me World Health Organisation statistics for the last four years along with a map showing the distribution of rabies cases.

The countries you might have assumed to have had a problem — Greece, Spain, Portugal, say — are virtually rabies-free — as are Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Finland. The languages you want your rabies catechism to be word-perfect in are French and German, with Italian (if you're travelling in the north near the Swiss border), Czech and Polish also coming in handy. The WHO map shows a veritable migraine of black spots in central Europe, where there are high numbers of foxes — the main carrier — and no substantial areas of water to act as barriers. Foxes account for far and away the greatest number of proven cases of rabies — 15,890 in Europe in 1983, 5,816 in the first quarter of 1984. In France there is a 50 franc bounty for each brush brought in and, although an advance to the Channel is a constant threat, the line seems to have been halted at the eastern suburbs of Paris. The total number of cases in Europe in 1983 was 22,390, 78.3 per cent of which were wild animals, 21.7 per cent domestic. And human fatalities? Surprisingly, perhaps, none. Nor were there any recorded deaths in 1982. There were a couple in 1981 and three in 1980. In England and Wales there have been seven deaths since 1975 — in each case the victim contracted the disease abroad and failed to seek medical attention until it was too late.

However, while the death-rate is low, there is a regular stream of travellers returning to Britain who have had contact with a suspected animal and who are duly treated with a course of anti-rabies vaccination. Figures given by the Public Health Laboratories Service are as follows: 306 in 1980, 930 in 1981, 757 in 1982, 586 in 1983. About half these cases originated in high risk areas outside Europe (like India, where the official figure for annual deaths from rabies runs at a conservative 20,000). There were no fatalities among those treated.

Rabies vaccination used to be among the most horrific in the medics' armoury of fearful jabs. The dosage of the original vaccine used was so great that injections had to be made to the stomach, daily, over the course of up to 16 days, presenting the patient with a growing money-belt of painful swellings round his middle. Now, with an improved vaccine, vaccination is relatively untraumatic — a course of six injections in the expected places — arm or buttock. Though the side-effects remain unpleasant — the equivalent of a short bout of flu — the balance between painful discomfort and the horrors risked has improved dramatically.

In conclusion then, it is obvious that, at least in Europe, the traveller is not at serious risk — you're more likely to be mugged, maimed, killed in a car crash or even murdered than to contract rabies. Discretion in handling, petting or feeding animals abroad would seem advisable — we dog-loathers will continue to pursue a policy of circumspect cowardice — while if you do happen to get scratched or bitten, speedy recourse to local medical services or those at home will almost certainly guarantee your survival. □

Naseem Khan

Wrong box

WHAT do you think of when you hear the word 'Mime'? A man with a whitened face and a sad expression trying to get out of an invisible box? If so, you wouldn't be alone. That's what the majority of people think of this unfortunate art form that has almost been killed off by its most successful proponent. Marcel Marceau was clearly the best and the worst thing that could have happened to mime. He at once and the same time created a vast popular audience for mime and froze it for ever and ever in a solo wordless world peopled by less talented little Marceau clones.

The participants at a mime master class, part of the vast 8th London International Mime Festival, were, not surprisingly, extremely bitter about the situation. 'When you tell people that you're a mime,' said one girl, 'a glazed expression comes over their faces.' All 13 at the class, run by Claire Heggen of France's Theatre du Mouvement, had trained to some extent in mime; some had studied with the fountainheads, Etienne Decroux and Jacques Lecoq, in Paris.

There were no white-faced Pierrots at Claire Heggen's class. They were all darting about in pairs when I arrived, the one behind trying to escape from the vigilance of their partner in front (an exercise that was unpleasantly reminiscent of school lacrosse and games teachers shouting, 'Mark your man!'): a panting, track-suited, leg-warmered group. But that was just an introduction. The concentration of the three-hour session was on mastering one particular movement. Down on their knees they went, hands and arms braced against the floor. Then little by little they were expected to curl their spines upwards in a feline fashion; then, curved over, the process reversed itself till the students were back where they started. This may sound like an easy thing to do, but believe me all sorts of other things happen in the search for the spine. 'Not ze buttocks', cried Ms Heggen as she moved around watchfully. After an hour or so a sinuous rippling movement is beginning to develop and the students are allowed to build on it. They crawl off on all fours, undulating and — in some cases — growling. 'Feel the animality!' calls Ms Heggen. The students rise to it; arms swing simianly as they pounce across the floor.

The most interesting bit is to come. In the last half hour Ms Heggen divides her students into two static groups. Each in turns creates an improvisation based on the movement they've learned but varying its speed and force within each group and responding to one another's initiatives. The result is a surprisingly diverse juxtaposition of moods and styles that sometimes combined in more complex group movement. 'Yes', said Ms Heggen approvingly in her detailed analysis. 'There were some propositions there.'

As an approach to mime it is demandingly corporeal. 'First,' she said 'you have to re-educate the body.' The idea of 'the human animal' is basic to the style that she and her partner Yves Marc have developed out of their essentially Decroux technique. Their show, at the Place, showed impressively what the company could do with it.

So is this what mime is today — athletic, physically agile, abstract? The answer is not so simple and indeed you might well wonder whether, given the variety, there is such a thing as mime at all. Look for instance at the range of work in the current Mime Festival. Australia's Entr'acte Theatre claims to find its inspiration in Bauhaus design. The clever Trestle Theatre uses satirical masks to produce neat, sharp-witted bits of social observation. Footsbarn, the Festival's blockbuster, offers a version of *King Lear* that is broad and rumbustious, with mime and music and speech.

On the face of it, the London Mime Festival (on until 2 February) has been a huge success story. When it began in 1977 there were hardly any venues that would take mime, said Joseph Seelig who started the Festival and still directs it, and not that many mimes to fill them anyhow. Eight years later he is running a festival that has spread itself to eight different London venues, 16 companies, 65 performances and a number of ancillary regional festivals too. But the success, both he and people working in the field say gloomily, is illusory, 'an annual kick in the pants.' For the rest of the year is by no means glorious. Very little money goes on mime. When some emerged, belatedly, its most sensible home appeared, to the funding bodies, to be dance panels, so there it was sent and there it stays, in some cases increasingly uneasily as the work becomes more and more theatre based, and competes with dance companies for ludicrously inadequate funds.

Few mime companies or mimes get anything like the funding of small-scale theatre. As a result their performance load is sometimes inordinate. Nola Rae, with an international reputation, did something in the order of 300 performances last year. It leaves little time for creating new work. Only Moving Picture Mime Show gets a revenue grant from the Arts Council. Worse, says Seelig, mime has become stuck in small-scale venues. Few larger promoters have shown themselves willing to take a chance on it.

The reason of course is the old problem, the name. In fact, if you open this box misleadingly marked mime, all sorts of things will tumble out (good, bad and indifferent); there'll be some white-faced mimes, but there'll also be clowns, gymnasts, performance artists, actors, abstract surrealists and dancers too. As with so much else, mime is not what you know but what you do with it. It can be audacious and witty as well as, with much else, downright bad. How the mime world gets that idea over to a wider public, however, is another matter. A new name, says Seelig, something that will underline the physical links between mime and circus and carnival and visually exciting theatre. But what that name could be will need a genius to determine. □

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Weekend competition

No 2856 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

School children often have trouble with the translation of foreign phrases: *hors d'oeuvre* — out of work; *hors de combat* — war horse; *coup de grace* — lawn mower; etc. More such translations of foreign words or phrases (max. half a dozen per entrant) by 30 January.

No 2853 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

'There's no business like . . .' Songs on the joys of particular jobs — or even the lack of one at all.

Report **By Rosie Hughs**

My, you *are* a good natured crowd. If I was you and got nothing but niggles, snidery, groans and begrudgement, I'd just keep my lovely poems and stuff to myself. But there you go, week in, week out, ploughing through snowdrifts and frozen floods to slip them into the postbox! And what little treasures they were this week — dozens more than we'd room to print. Ten pounds each for the very best of the lot.

The pleeceman's lot's the best lot.
We has a lot of fun.
We hangs about the streets a lot
And chats to everyone.

We gets a lot of money.
Each year we gets lots more.
We finds it very funny how
The clever dicks get poor.

We gets an education
And lots of trainin'. We
Learns to use the telephone
And so-see-o-lo-gee.

We gets to bash the layabouts
With truncheons what we got.
It takes a lot of beatin',
The pleeceman's happy lot.

RALPH ROCHESTER

Oh, my life was just void 'till I got unemployed —
A life of leisure wants a lot of beating!
Tax rebates for the wealthier have made me so much healthier,
Now I've given up such luxuries as eating.
Oh, a no-job situation helps Britain beat inflation
And provides you with contentment, you'll agree.
So let's thank Mrs Thatcher — there is no one else to match 'er!
It's her that's done all this for you and me.

Oh, it's really super-duper when you scrap your sub. to BUPA,
And there is nothing like a dole queue for its bonhomie.
Though your kids are going shoe-less, you are not exactly clueless,
And you'll know your fun is helping the economy.
Oh, a no-job situation, *etc.*

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

Accession Song
by our new Poet Laureate

There's no business like *Crow* business,
Like no business I know;
Though it left some other poets squealing,
I've got the feeling
I stole the show.
I'm not flowery — but Lord Gowrie,
The Arts Council and all
Decided that the time was ripe for something newer,
And though I am sometimes a bit obscure,
Smell of blood and guts and farm manure,
Since Larkin said 'No',
You can't blame me if I crow.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

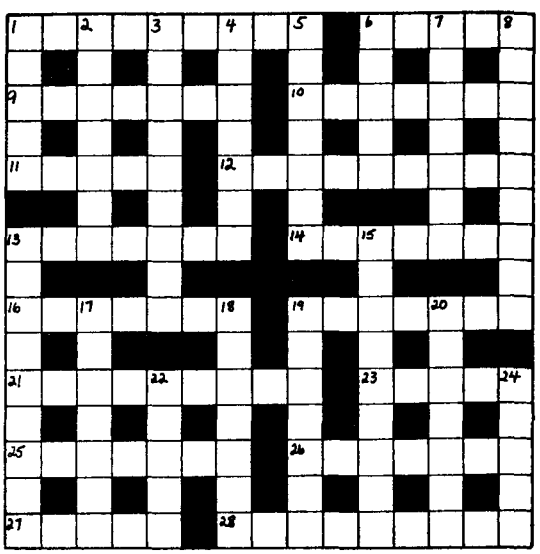
There's no business like hoe business —
It's great to go scratching the ground,
Though grow-business is slow business
And you can't reach your goal with a bound.
Though not a Zola Budd, not a Coe business,
It's a hearty, all-of-a-glow business
And the wind and the limbs must be sound.

It's a sow business, a mow business —
Each task in its seasonal round;
A sunshine and rainfall and snow business:
You're roasted and frozen and drowned.
It's an amateur's joy and a pro business;
As good for the high as the low business;
So princes and paupers have found
As they shoved in their spades and unwound.

MARY HOLTBY

Weekend Crossword 1466

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1466, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 29 January.



Name _____

Address _____

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_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Fruit which forms as a cancer on another? (9)
6. Less mobile piece of music (5)
9. Get rid of a sovereign although saving money (7)
10. Used the bar and then left with a girl before there was danger (7)
11. Informs William's family (5)
12. Suitable for a piano in poor variations on a theme (9).
13. Occasions for employing skill in cooking (7)
14. A miscellany of poems about New York which have things named after them (7)
16. Where a bird goes by water (7)
19. Relative tries to communicate but they are cut off (7)
21. Sweet time for lovers? (9)
23. It sounds like a request to pick out a strange woman (5)
25. Great lady appears in a play to insult an actress (7)
26. There is nothing on after the light satire (7)
27. Relaxes as in a backward look (5)
28. Reading so badly although under discipline (9)

DOWN

1. Explorer discovers sailor in bed (5)
2. Make Alan run about in a circular way (7)
3. Somewhere at sea maids wriggle part of the body (9)
4. The birds would be cut up if George went away (7)
5. Take short cuts between two points in the dark (7)
6. Admirer of fity plus (5)
7. Messenger makes sound of hesitation in front of a dog held in my grasp (7)
8. Reparations if the wise man gets up without something to wear (9)
13. End of race with rearranged heats following quickly (9)
15. Graduate in war soon turning athlete (9)
17. Historical work for woman on the booze (7)
18. Fruit provided in a small case before a party (7)
19. It provides warmth and makes eloping wrong (7)
20. One of these ideas makes an object go up in time (7)
22. Periods when the king is in agreement (5)
24. In which one delivered a knife to be sharpened (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 89

S	A	W	T	H	R	E	E	S	H	I	P
I	N	T	R	A	I	N	B	E	A	R	E
S	A	U	O	S	E	S	I	N	S	O	A
T	U	T	U	T	L	H	O	U	T	N	G
A	T	T	U	E	M	E	N	T	Y	I	R
M	M	I	C	L	O	A	I	W	E	S	E
R	O	S	T	U	E	T	T	T	U	T	S
I	L	K	U	N	S	H	U	T	T	E	R
A	L	A	T	E	Q	E	N	B	I	L	L
D	U	T	T	T	U	R	V	A	E	L	I
A	S	T	U	T	E	N	E	S	S	E	N
S	C	O	M	E	S	A	I	L	I	N	G

Omitted letters in the grid give 'Read initial opener to every clue' which in turn instruct solvers to 'Illustrate grid by shading squares which have T, U or W'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 89

J. R. Beresford (Bishops Stortford)
Colin B. Coates (Derby)
Vincent Edkins (Colchester)

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APPOINTMENTS

EAST SUSSEX, Author requires someone, 20-45, for general secretarial assistance which will involve driving once a fortnight on research trips in Southern England. One night away. Remuneration negotiable. Box 9891.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Department of Social Policy and Health Services Studies
(NUFFIELD CENTRE FOR HEALTH SERVICES STUDIES)

LECTURESHIP

(Health Planning and Administration (Developing Countries))

Applications are invited for the above Lectureship to teach on the Postgraduate Diploma Course for experienced health service managers (including clinicians) from developing countries. The successful applicant will be primarily responsible for the Public Administration and Mangement element of the Course. He or she should have recent practical experience in a developing country, preferably in the health sector. Applicants should possess a good Honours degree in a relevant field, with postgraduate experience and/or qualifications in health management, but alternative qualifications may be considered.

Salary will be on the academic scale for **Lecturers (£7,520-£14,925)** according to age, qualifications and experience.

Appointment will be for a fixed period terminating on **31 July 1988**, but further appointment may subsequently be possible.

Informal enquiries should be addressed to **Dr Carol Barker** or **Mr Andrew Green at the Nuffield Centre** (tel. **Leeds (0532) 459034**).

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from **the Registrar, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT**, quoting reference no. 35/20. Closing date for applications: **16 February 1985.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PROBATION OFFICERS

GENERAL SECRETARY

Salary £14,277 — £15,873
Including London Weighting (Award pending)

NAPO is a small TUC affiliated Trade Union and Professional Association based in South London. We are active in pursuing NAPO policies on salaries, conditions of service, the criminal justice system, social policy issues, and the professional practices of Probation Officers and other staff in England, Wales and Northern Ireland.

The successful applicant will have overall responsibility for the pursuance of these policies and the management of NAPO Head Office. S/he will have abilities as a communicator, administrator, coordinator and campaigner.

NAPO is an organisation requiring an adaptable approach, a willingness to work flexible hours and travel is essential.

For informal discussions contact **Jil Cove, Chair**, on **01-223 4887/7394.**

For further information write to — **Jil Cove, Chair, NAPO, 3/4 Chivalry Road, London SW11 1HT.**

Closing date for applications — **4 February 1985**. Interviews **25-26 February 1985.**

NAPO is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT

DIRECTOR OF EMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT £17,982-£19,650 (under review)

A challenging opportunity to take up a key Chief Officer appointment in the fourth largest City in the U.K.

In 1981, the City Council set up an Employment Committee and Department to develop a planned economic strategy in response to rapid changes in the employment structure of the City. Its aim is to co-ordinate everything the City Council, working with others in the City, can do to defend and develop existing industries and jobs, to stimulate new industries, new technologies and new products, and to strengthen training facilities and support for the unemployed.

The Director of Employment and Economic Development serves as a member of the Chief Officers' Management Team and (under the Chief Executive's leadership) co-ordinates the work of all City Council Departments in the implementation of the above strategy.

The Director is directly responsible for managing and developing the work of the Employment Department, with a staff of over 60 and its own revenue and capital resources.

The City Council now wants to recruit someone with the skills and commitment to consolidate and manage the work, now well-established and to help the Local Authority develop and implement a planned economic and employment strategy to tackle the problems facing the City over the next decade.

FURTHER PARTICULARS AND APPLICATION FORMS AVAILABLE FROM THE CHIEF PERSONNEL OFFICER, TOWN HALL, SHEFFIELD S1 2HH, TEL. 0742-734079. CLOSING DATE: 6 FEBRUARY 1985.

City of Sheffield

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society
of civil & public servants

The Society of Civil & Public Servants, the trade union representing 90,000 executive grades in the Civil Service and public bodies invites applications for the post of:

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

The work involves negotiating and organising and requires an ability to speak in public. Experience in Civil Service or public sector trade union activity is essential.

The appointment will be to the Society's office in Edinburgh, where it has been decided to upgrade the existing negotiating post, but the Society would reserve the right to transfer the incumbent to Society Headquarters in London if the need arose.

The salary scale runs from **£11,042** to **£17,489**. Thirty days annual leave. Non contributory pension scheme. Compulsory retirement at age 60.

Applications should be sent to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil & Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** to arrive by **1 February 1985.**

Applicants should give a **daytime telephone number** for contact purposes. Interviews for short-listed candidates will be held on **15 February 1985** with final interviews on **Friday 22 February 1985.** The Society is an equal opportunities employer.

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APPOINTMENTS

West Midlands

LOW PAY unit

DIRECTOR AND PROJECT WORKER

West Midlands Low Pay Unit is a joint initiative by the Low Pay Unit and West Midlands County Council. The Unit's primary work is researching into and campaigning around the issue of low pay in a public forum. Since its establishment in August 1983, the Unit has received over 7500 enquiries and requests for information and advice from low paid individuals, advice agencies, trade unions and employers. We also provide an information service to MPs, local authority departments and councillors. We are now looking for:

DIRECTOR

to coordinate existing work, liaise with other Units and campaigns and develop new initiatives within the West Midlands area. This is a new post and will require extensive experience in associated fields of work and in working with the media. Salary: **£10,250** p.a.

PROJECT WORKER

to join the existing team of three workers. Previous experience in an associated field of work is essential and knowledge of Asian languages would be an advantage. Salary: **£7,650**

For job descriptions and further information, please contact **Liz Morton, West Midlands Low Pay Unit, Wolverley House, 18 Digbeth, Birmingham B5 6BJ. Tel: 021-643 3972.**

The Low Pay Unit is an equal opportunities employer.

CAN YOU MONITOR COMPANIES?

If so, the Fashion Centre in association with Hackney's Economic Development Unit and the Greater London Council, wishes to appoint an **Officer** to undertake the monitoring of companies in the clothing industry using the Hackney Fashion Centre.

A knowledge of the clothing industry is more important than formal qualifications. Experience of trade unions would be advantageous.

Applications from women and members of the black and ethnic community would be welcomed.

Applications by letter including CV to: **The Executive Director (ref MO), The Fashion Centre, 46 Great Eastern Street, London EC2.** (All applications will be treated in strictest confidence)

The post is funded by the **GLC** until **31 March 1986** and may be renewed.

Salary **£9,660-£10,242** plus London Weighting. Closing date: **31 Jan. 1985.**

ASTMS

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

wanted urgently by National Officer of a major White Collar Trade Union, whose prime responsibility is for the Union's publications.

An organised person with good shorthand, typing and audio skills, plus a willingness to learn a word processor is required. Must be compatible with a "hurry-hurry — worry-worry" type. However, previous post-holder stayed for 7 years before fleeing to Australia. So it cannot be all that bad!!!

Salary **£8,418-£8,724** after one year, **34 hour week, 5 weeks holidays, LVs.**

Write to: **Russell Miller, National Officer, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES,** or phone **01-267 4422.**
Closing date: 1 February.

Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign
requires a

PART-TIME FUNDRAISER

Salary **£3,500** per annum; 20 hours per week minimum. Start **March 1985.**
Applications in by **28 Feb 1985.**
For details plus job description contact: **Fundraising Convenor, NSC, 20-21 Compton Terrace, London N1.**
NSC is an equal opportunity employer.

PEACE EDUCATION PROJECT seeks Co-Worker. Work includes developing resource unit for pacifist educational material; commission and publication of such material; contacts with schools. Lively, committed, experienced pacifist sought. Half-time appointment; salary £3,000. Application forms from Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1. Tel. 01-387 5501.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

ISRAEL STUDY TOUR for social workers, youth workers. 9-28 April 1985. £450. Contact: Peter Clason 021-472 7245.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

TRAVEL BARGAINS FOR 1985

Considerable reductions for schools and other parties

Write for our 1985 BROCHURE. NOW!

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

A FORETASTE OF 1985 ATTRACTIONS

PEKING £675 22 April-20 May
travelling via Moscow (2 days) and Trans Siberian Railway to Peking (9 days) with
LENINGRAD via GDR £190 30 March/11 April
LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, COMO . . . £125
5/14 April & 25 May-2 June, 7/16 Sept.
ANDORRA & PYRENEES £135, 6-14 April
NORWEGIAN FJORDS £160, 25 May-2 June
MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . . £190 5/15 April & 27 Apr.—7 May, also leaving every Tuesday 9 July/17 Sept.
ORIENT EXPRESS to BLACK SEA . . . £155
dates as Moscow.
BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, PRAGUE . . . £145.
27 March—5 April, & 20-29 April.
PRAGUE £160 6/13 April & 12/19 May.

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HAWTHORNDEN CASTLE
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FELLOWSHIPS FOR CREATIVE WRITERS

Spring and Autumn Sessions, 1985

Applications are invited from novelists, poets, dramatists and other creative writers whose work has already been published. Fellowships of between four and six weeks are offered to those working on a current project.

For further details contact: The Administrator, Oliver Nicholson, M.A., D.Phil., Hawthornden Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, Scotland EH18 1EG

HEARTSEARCH

AFRICA-BASED academic, 32, regularly in Britain, seeks caring woman similarly stimulated by travelling, politics, solitude, music, films, spirituality (perhaps willing to become book scout). Box (02)0064.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, INSPIRING woman, mid 60s, based temporarily in Sussex, seeks middle-aged, professional, humorous, non-smoker, travelled gentleman, must be fond of the arts, for lasting friendship. Box (03)0098.

ATTRACTIVE LADY graduate, 46, many interests, intelligent, slim, financially secure, non-political, seeks affluent, non-smoking, respectable gentleman wanting happiness, in a loving marriage. Scotland, England. Box (03)0099.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding area. Box (02) 0078.

BREATHES THERE a woman from anywhere who is interested in Yoga, walking, writing, bridge? Child(ren) welcome. Prefer veggies. Tel. 099-286-292 or Box (03)0106

CARIBBEAN PHILOSOPHY graduate, interested in Bertrand Russell and existentialism, seeks female who is similarly motivated, under 40, and loves life and human nature. Box (03)0110.

CENTRAL LONDON only. Child-loving professional gentleman (30s), interested in the arts, sought by Catholic widowed mother. Own home to share friendship/future life. Box (03)0093.

CHINESE FEMALE, late 30s, well travelled with an established career, seeks educated and successful male, 30-45 years, to share a less lonely 1985. Box (03)0107.

CONTINENTAL MAN, working in travel trade, looking for presentable girl, who enjoys life. Box (03)0012.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FEMALE, 38, teaches music, loves theatre, music, food, wine, France, cats, loathes sport, dogs, would like to meet warm, cheerful, generous man, to share mutual enthusiasms (N London Counties). Box (03) 0102.

GAY GUY, 26, disabled but independent, London, friendly, hedonist, would like to meet warm, emotional man, over 21, disabled or able-bodied, for close friendship. Photo please. Box (03)0100.

GENTLEMAN, BLACKPOOL, early sixties, slim, presentable, affectionate, kind, humanitarian politics, seeks close friendship or correspondence, possibly romance, with lady similar age, interests mutual art. Box (03)0111.

GENTLEMEN & LADIES over 50, interested arts, theatre, dancing, travel, beginners Bridge, dining in, out, cosy conversations, mutual appreciation, small select club, Watford area. Correspondence anywhere. Box (03)0090.

GENTLEMAN, YOUNG 60, seeks lady-friend to share common interests like languages, science fiction and non-platonic friendship. Resident North London. Box (03)0117.

HAPPY, ENTHUSIASTIC male, 36, unpromiscuous, uneffeminate bisexual, energetic, slim, creative professional, unmaterialistic, travelled, active socialist seeks warm, wise slenderish female with spirituality, social conscience, humour and shared desire for soulmate, perhaps child. Box (03)0101.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, *independent* socialist woman seeks the company of a similar male, 30-40. North of England. Box (02) 0058.

IS THERE a dependable lady, anywhere in the country, willing to be a caring soulmate and lover, to gentleman, 40, in London. Box (03)0109.

INTELLIGENT HELPMATE wanted. Widower, 60, aspiring author, flat in South London environs, tube 10 mins. Homebird (minor Handicap) finances £600, £1,000 'in Chancery', Social Security. Inconstant C. of E. Box (03)0113.

IS THERE A
single, unmarried lady in her thirties for a lasting relationship, with a sincere man of 50, professional, patient and cultured.
Box (03)0096

JEWISH MALE, compulsory retired. Sincere, reliable, healthy 60. Divorced, Continental born, residing NW London, wishes meet refined, solvent lady, not necessary Londoner, view marriage. Box (03)0118.

LADY 63+, NW1. Where have all cultured, nice men gone? (Hope for New Year). Box (02)0071.

LIFE'S IMMEASURABLE surprise. Mature, unattached graduate, Londoner, seeks warm-hearted, intelligent, apolitical lady companion, for his hours of ease. Box (03)0089.

LIGHT-HEARTED, NORMAL, lively female, early 40s, with energy, enthusiasm and many interests, including hiking, travel, photography, reading, pubs, cinema, seeks male counterpart. Box (03)0086.

LONDON JOURNALIST LADY
young 50s, intelligent rather than intellectual, would like sharing, caring, man-friend mid-50s+. I enjoy arts, sports, outdoors, tray suppers by the TV, and looking up from reading at someone smiling closeby. Non-smoker please. Phone number and photo appreciated.
Box (03)0092.

LONDON LADY, 41, pretty, plump, warm, successful, creative, freelance, slightly frivolous, interested in visual arts, architecture, cinema, theatre, seeks interesting, humorous man, for '85. Box (03)0094.

LONELY DOCTOR, male, under 45, sought by slim, very attractive, musically talented woman colleague, late 30s, view loving relationship, marriage, children. Midlands or London. Box (02) 0046.

MALE GRADUATE, 25, good sense of humour, varied interests (music, opera, languages, theatre, sport), non-smoking, seeks affectionate friendship and shared outings with genuine, intelligent, broadly similar female. Merseyside/Manchester. Box (03)0108.

MALE 41, missing warmth, intimacy and spontaneity in unsuccessful attachment, seeks sensitive, intelligent female, 30s/early 40s for caring friendship. First advertisement so please reply. London. Box 4044.

PROFESSIONAL, LEFT-WING male, 33, bit of a romantic, interested in classical music, travelling, wining/dining and changing society, seeks female partner to indulge and share life, love and to create mutual happiness. W Midlands/anywhere. Box (03)0091.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (43) author, widely travelled, many intellectual interests, enjoys good conversation and the countryside, seeks friendship of warm, intelligent and personable female. Works Bristol and London but mobile. Box (03)0103.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 48, Northern origin, resident E. Anglia, Guardian reader, enjoys music, arts, gardens, walking, countryside, good company etc., seeks personable male companion. Box (03)0088.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner). 124 New Bond Street, W1. 01-629 9634. Consult us for individual attention.

UNATTACHED, PROFESSIONAL, caring, lithe male (51), seeks intelligent, affectionate, youthful, non-smoking, slim, female graduate (under 5' 6") for laughter, friendship/(hopefully), long lasting relationship. Yorkshire/anywhere. Box 4077.

WARM, CARING, sensuous, home-loving divorcée, 44, seeks public school man, who has achieved success in his career, is fairly intellectual, enjoys the good things of life and wants to settle down, to love and be loved. London or near. Box (03)0084.

WARM, INTELLIGENT woman graduate, 45, seeks man, 40-55. I am emotionally and thoughtfully alive and responsive. If you are too, let's meet. Box (03)0085.

LISTINGS

THURS 17 JAN

WEST MIDLANDS 'Pocket of Resistance' is a mixed 8-person acoustic soft-rock band that sings original songs about peace, 3rd World struggles and related issues. 'We exist to raise money for these causes by playing at benefits for minimum expenses only in the W.Midlands, Gloucestershire & the Welsh Marches.' **Bookings: Geoff Petty, Birchwood Hall, Storridge, Nr. Malvern, Worcs. 08864 203.**

LONDON 'Calling all 2nd generation Irish women' New grp. forming to discuss backgrounds/identity. 7.30pm Irish Centre, Murray St, Camden, NW1. **Details: Maureen 01-791 0427.**

FRI 18 JAN

MANCHESTER 'The Miners Strike — implications for civil liberties.' NCCL Open meeting 7pm Longsight Library, Stockport Rd. Spkrs. incl. Andrew Bennett MP. Gerald Kaufman, MP. Adm. Free.

SAT 19 JAN

LONDON AGM of JANE (Journalists Against Nuclear Extermination). Spkr. Andrew Hewitt, CND TU organiser. 2pm-4.40pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. NUJ members welcome. **Details: Richard Keeble 01-980 4534.**

LONDON 'Victory to the Miners!' March & Rally. Assemble 12.30pm Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. Spkrs. S. Wales NUM, Tony Benn MP, Jeremy Corbyn MP. **Details: Islington Miners Support Cttee, 68 Regina Rd, N4. 01-359 1789.**

BRISTOL 'Policing the Miners' day school 10am-5pm Students Union. **Details: Janie Percy-Smith, 54 Cotham Rd, Cotham, BS6 6DW 0272 48795.**

CAMDEN Pula Arts Kommune 7.30pm Theatro Technis, 26 Crowndale Rd, NW1. Tickets £2/£1 UB40. **Details: 01-387 6617.**

MON 21 JAN

TILBURY Power Station, Mass Demo in support of the miners. 6.45pm onwards. Transport: BR to Tilbury or phone for coaches 01-636 4030 X 246/8 or 01-981 6515. Called by **Kent NUM & TUC SE Regional Council.**

MANCHESTER Major Rally in opposition to the Prevention of Terrorism Act and recent arrests in Britain. 7.30pm Manchester Town Hall Basement Theatre, Spkrs incl. Christine Crawley MEP, Deidre O'Shea (daughter of Dr. Moira O'Shea), Miriam James, Irish Community Worker, **Org. Labour Cttee. on Ireland & Irish in Britain Representation Grp.**

TUES 22 JAN

LONDON 'Miners must win!' Public Meeting 7.30pm Hampstead Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Spkrs. incl. Dennis Skinner, MP, Ann Shotter (Frickley Ladies Action Grp.), Helen John, (Greenham Common Peace Camp), Yorkshire NUM members. **Org. Hampstead & Highgate Labour Party.**

LONDON 'Trade Unions & Office Workers' lunchtime meeting 12pm & 1pm Edmund the King Church, Lombard St, EC3 (entrance rear of George Yd.) Spkrs from APEX, ASTMS, BIFU, CPSA. **Org. City Centre Project, Rm. 402. Southbank Hse, Black Prince Rd, SE1. 01-735 8903.**

WED 23 JAN

HAMPSTEAD 'Why they open letters and tap phones: The logic behind the bomb.' Spkr. Air Commodore Alistair Mackie, CBE DFC, RAF retd. now Ex-Services CND. 7.30pm Three Horseshoes Pub, 28 Heath St. NW3. Drinks, food. **Org. Hampstead CND.**

LONDON BAND (Book Action for Nuclear Disarmanent) is showing 'Atomic Cafe 6.30pm Uni. of London Union. Adm. £1.50/£1 membs. of BAND. **Details: BAND C/O Whittet Books Ltd., 113 Westbourne Grove, W.2. 01-221 6899.**

THURS 24 JAN

LONDON Meeting on the Peace Movement in Eastern Europe 7.45pm Islington Bus Company, Palmer Place, N1 (Liverpool Rd entrance). **Details/wheelchair access Islington CND 01-607 8565.**

LONDON Rally for the Miners. 7pm Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1. Spkrs: Mick McGahey, Gordon McLennan, London's Black People's movement, Women against Pit Closures. **Org. London District Communist Party, 75 Farringdon Rd, EC1. 01-242 1776.**

SAT 26 JAN

LONDON National Childcare Campaign AGM 10.30am-4pm Oak Rm., 70 Kingsway, WC2. Discn. on new initiatives taken by L/A nurseries/schools to increase control by parents and workers. **Org. NCCC, Wesley Hs, 70 Gt. Queen St, WC2B 5AX. 01-405 5617/8.**

FORTHCOMING

27 JAN LONDON 'New Jewel Movement' meeting 4pm-8pm Caribbean Resource Centre, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1.

28 JAN LONDON Gala Concert for Peace starring John Williams & Fou Ts'ong 7.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Tickets from £2.50-£9 from RFH Box Office 01-928 3191. **Org. MANA (Musicians Against Nuclear Arms) Details: 01-359 1481.**

30 JAN LONDON COSAWR & Anti-Apartheid Movement public meeting 7.30pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 'State of War: The Apartheid War Machine'. Spkrs from AAM, ANC, SWAPO, COSAWR, CND.

31 JAN LONDON CPAG one-day-course for welfare rights advisers covering Amendments in 1984 to Social Security legislation; Review of 1984 Commissioners' decisions; Severe Disability Allowance; Housing benefit. 10am-5pm Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Fee £15. **Details & bking: Alan Booth, CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

6 FEB LONDON Socialist Health Assoc AGM 8pm Walthamstow Town Hall, Forest Rd, E17.

9 FEB LONDON Public Order Research Grp./Greater London Assoc. of Trades Councils Conf. on Policing & Public Order: Proposals for Change. 1pm Congress House, Gt. Russell St, W1. **Details: Public Order Research Grp, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-734 5831.**

13 FEB EWELL 'Pacifism' CND meeting 8pm 42 Reigate Rd, Ewell. **Details: Peter Brooker Epsom 21348.**

23 FEB OXFORD 2nd Poplit Conf. Ruskin College. Registration £4/£2 UB40. Papers incl. Cora Kaplan on Queens of Crime, Rosemary Jackson on P. D. James, George Wotton on Teaching Raymond Chandler. **Org. Centre for Social History, Ruskin College, Walton St, Oxford.**

23 FEB LONDON GLC Assembly on Abolition, ratecapping, jobs. Wembley Conference Centre. **Details: Rm. 217 County Hall 01-633 4400.**

2 MARCH LONDON 'Poor Britain' Conference org. by CPAG 10.30am-5.30pm City University, Northampton Sq, EC1. Sessions on social security & the welfare state. Spkrs incl Barbara Cohen, Chris Pond, Prof. Patrick Minford, Nick Raynsford, Prof. Peter Townsend. Fee £6/£3 UB40. **Details and programme: Alan Booth, CPAG 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

9 MARCH BURNHAM-on-SEA, SOMERSET 'The D Questions: Disarmanent, Development or Disaster?' Study day at Princess Hall, £3/£2 UB40. **Details/registration: Liz Wright, Burnham-on-Sea & Highbridge CND, 5 Kingsway Rd, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.**

18 MAY WAKEFIELD 'You can always have another one!' study day for women who have suffered miscarriages, Health Professionals interested in care and counselling, all those interested in this socially taboo subject. 10am-4pm Treacy Hall, adjacent Wakefield Cathedral. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Peter Huntingford (BBC 'Birthright' programme), Dr. Barbara Pickard PhD. **Tickets from Secretary, Miscarriage Assoc, c/o Dolphin Cottage, 4 Ashfield Terrace, Thorpe, Nr. Wakefield. Phone: Leeds 828946.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Rally for the MINERS

Mick McGahey
Gordon McLennan
Shirley James
Vishnu Sharma
and
Jan Debrouwere
(Head of the Belgian Communist Party International Section)

Music from Chilean group QUIMANTU

Thursday 24 Jan. Doors open 7pm
Friends' House, Euston Road, NW1.

Admission free. Collection. Creche by advance booking 242 1776. Disabled Access. **All welcome.**

Organised by London District of the Communist Party

LABOUR HERALD PUBLIC RALLY

Unite Miners & Councils
No to Rate Capping
Prepare for a General Strike.
7.30 pm Thursday 24 Jan.
Camden Centre, Bidborough St
Camden, NW1
Speakers: **Emlyn Williams**, *Pres Wales NUM*, **Tony Benn MP, Ken Livingstone, Kay Sutcliffe**, *Kent Miners' Wives*, **Margaret Hodge**, *Leader Islington Cl*, **Jim O'Brien**, *Chair Lambeth Jt TUs*, **Sharon Atkin**, *Black Activists Campaign*, **Ted Knight, Matthew Warburton.**
Admission 50p.

MEETINGS

ENGINEERS, ETHICS AND TRIDENT Public Meeting Wednesday 30 January 6.30p.m. at Central Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Peter Thurnham MP, the Bishop of Kensington, Professor Stephen Harris and Revd Professor Keith Ward. *Organised by Engineers for Nuclear Disarmament.* (Tel. 01-359 7476).

SHAW SOCIETY. Donald Sutherland on 'The Arrival of Godot' (A Post-Shavian Theatrical Revolution). Friday 25 January, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday 20 Jan. 8 p.m. 'The Occult Side of Nature'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY AGM
Sat, 2 Feb.– Sun, 3 Feb.
County Hall, London

Seminars include
Labour and its Trade Union Links.
The Miners Strike: A Watershed.
Project 2000 — Looking Forward to Socialism.

Speakers to include
Mike Cooley. Anna Coote, Billy Lidden (NUM), Barbara Taylor and **Raymond Williams.**

Non-members welcome.

£3.50/£2.50 for the weekend.

Details re creche etc
Tel: **0705 669159**
or **01-734 8501.**

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LOCAL AUTHORITY ACTION FOR
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On **March 22nd and 23rd,** Nottingham hosts a national conference on local authority action for textiles and clothing.

Conference speakers will include national politicians, trades unionists and representatives of local authorities. The conference will be of vital interest to all those involved in the creation and protection of jobs in the industry.

To book a place at the conference or for further information, contact **Peter Totterdill on Nottingham (0602) 412334** or write to him at the **Employment and Economic Development Unit, City House, Maid Marian Way, Nottingham NG1 6BH.**

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday 22 Jan. 5 p.m.

Professor Roger Chickering (Eugene/Munich)

The Pan-German League in Imperial Germany: Ideology & Social Experience.

17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486

Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

PURSUITS

ACADEMIC (male, 45), seeks woman (30-55) for skiing in the sun. Will settle for mountain walking in rain. Box (02) 0057.

AMERICAN ACADEMIC visiting London 2-3 times per year, would like to make arrangement with British academic resident in country, but owning London flat, for occasional use. Box (03)0105.

CARD PLAYERS, in and around Edinburgh, if you are interested in playing in a regular cards session, contact John, Box (02) 0054.

CHRISTIAN PACIFIST Community envisaged. Canterbury? Not just theist-humanist. Scriptures, Church valued. Jesus worshipped. Academic layman, prematurely retired, welcomes prayerful, sociologically alert collaboration. Called? Box (01)0034.

FEELING DUSTY?
A new relationship will clear the cobwebs. Air your personality profile in People Line (75p, newsagents in and around London.)
660 6066

MALE, 34, composer, writer, seeking female friends who are either soprano singers, sing in a choir, or, can play chess to stimulate my mind. Box (03)0087.

MANCHESTER AUTHOR, middle-aged, seeks hiking companion to explore South Pennines. Other interests local history and arts. Box (01)0029.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: professional man, 29, seeks shared accommodation. Interests: pubs, cinema, walking, squash, music and travel. Close to City centre preferred. Box (03)0095.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, Londoner, literary interests, novels, writing, talks by writers, wishes to meet female. Holiday spent together, travelling and writing, would be nice. Box (01)0025.

PERSONAL

I HAVE been commissioned by the Hampstead Theatre to write a play about Rosalind Franklin and her involvement in the discovery of the double helix. I would be grateful to meet and/or receive information from anyone who knew her. Contact: David Halliwell, 28 Chepstow Court, Chepstow Crescent, London W11 3ED. 01-727 1091.

WANTED: SOME-ONE to share enjoyment and running costs of cottage and garden in Wales. Suit writer or researcher. Non-smoker. Box (03)0115.

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GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

GREEN POLITICS
Nine week evening course starting
23 Jan. 6pm-8pm
Cost £5 (£1 unwaged)
Details: Dept of Sociology, City of London Poly, Old Castle Street, London E1 7NT.
Tel. 01-283 1030 X 541

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